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Next week

COLLEGE FOOTBALL begins a new decade, and Dan Jenkins dissects speculation that campus disturbances may spill over onto the gridiron. There follows a color portfolio of a vintage year's top quarterbacks and a study of the best of them all, Archie Manning of Ole Miss, by William F. Reed. Then the always controversial selection of the Top 20 teams in the nation, with scouting reports on these as well as the leading conferences, independents and small colleges. Plus full coverage of the news and all our usual features.



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WHEREVER THE YOUTH SET GATHERED, sweater and skirt, bobby socks and saddle shoes were the "in" costume for teen-age girls, while the zoot suit (right) was mandatory for a boy to be "in the groove." Even in the hectic Forties (left), part of growing up was quiet talk and tender mood at weekend parties.

*The music of the Thirties reproduced on this demonstration sample have been developed electronically by our technicians as true reproductions of 78s produced during that era.



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Cherokee - Popsicle Paraphrase - Redskin Rhapsody - Charlie Rouse version

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Strut! Apple! - Let's Dance! Benny Goodman version

Temptation - Frenzy - Strident - Artie Shaw version

Right Hot Hot Day - Les Brown version

Take the "A" Train - Duke Ellington version

Blues on Parade - Woody Herman version

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

VICTIMS

There were a couple of badly confused men in sport last week. Denny McLain, who last spring was suspended for all of three months for investing in a book-making business, got hit with an "up to one month" suspension for playing a practical joke on a couple of sports-writers. Baron Marcel Bich of France, who made a fortune manufacturing ball-point pens, took over the helm of his America's Cup yacht *France* (page 12) after his boat had lost three straight races and got lost in a fog. This may demonstrate that there is no justice in this precarious world, or it may mean only that businessmen should always remember to be serious and dignified and that pennies should stick to their points.

LONG SHOTS

It was a rough week for bookies and bettors. In Wilmington, Del. police discovered that someone in the composing room of the *Wilmington Morning News* had been quietly changing results from Laurel Raceway, a harness track, before the paper went to press. A \$19.80 winner in the paper had not even started the race it was supposed to have run, and a \$24 Exacta payoff at the track became \$124 in print. The changes were made to bulk local bookies, who have to rely on newspaper reports for results from smaller tracks. Moreover, the *Morning News* was the only paper in the area that carried the results from the night racing at Laurel. Changes had been made in the printed results on at least seven different days. The motive, police said, was not so much to win bets as to impoverish independent bookies so that the mob could move in and take over.

In Weymouth, Mass. during a race meeting at the Weymouth Fair a horse stumbled and fell, and three others in the eight-horse field fell over him. The track announcer, trying to forestall an even more serious accident, turned up the volume on the P.A. system and shout-

ed to the jockeys on the four horses still upright and moving. "Slow down! Slow down! Watch out for those riders!" Three of the jocks heard the warning, dutifully reined in their mounts and skirted the tangle of fallen horses and men. But Maurice DeBose, riding Colonel Henry, the long shot of the field and last in the race at the time, kept right on going and won handily, paying \$78.20 but disturbing the equanimity of those who had bet on the other seven horses. An outraged mob of 150 (they don't draw Aqueduct crowds at Weymouth) stormed from the grandstand and mobbed track officials until police were able to restore order.

MOUTH TO MOUTH

Kerth Jackson, who will do the play-by-play on ABC's Monday night telecasts of NFL games, was asked how he expected to get along with the outspoken Howard Cosell, who will do the color commentary. Jackson diplomatically praised Cosell, pointed out that Cosell's job was more difficult than his own play-by-play responsibility and added, "He will not be the dominant personality on the telecast."

And all we can think to say is: Wanna bet?

REBELLION

A schoolteacher in Catonsville, Md. named Dominick Pileggi is leading a revolt you might be interested in. Pileggi and some of his friends have formed the Sports Fans of America, an organization designed to give fans, particularly those who follow pro football, a cohesive, influential voice. "The fan never gets a break," says Pileggi, who started the group as an aftermath of the pro football players' strike. "I don't care if they pay a player a zillion dollars, if the owner is a zillionaire and wants to pay it himself. But I want him to understand that he's not to ask the public to pay it. Every time the television sponsors are asked to pay more

money for the games, we wind up paying that, too."

Pileggi says the fan is being taken advantage of. He mentioned various injustices and inconveniences, like overpriced tickets, overpriced concessions, poor traffic management and inadequate rest rooms and even included announcers, arguing that fans should help determine who will broadcast the games, since they are the ones who have to sit there and listen.

"The fans are the most important group," Pileggi declares. "We have been kicked around enough. It's about time we take a stand."

OUTER MEGALOPOLIS

People who live near airports have long been tortured by the incessant roar of airplanes, and now the nuisance is so bad that it has even bothered people in Post, a small town out in West Texas, miles and miles from the nearest major airport. David Pierce of the town writes, "During the NBC *Game of the Week* between the Reds and the Mets at Shea Stadium, my father and I counted 43 planes interrupting the telecast's audio portion while landing at La Guardia Airport. Divided into periods of halfinnings, the top of the fourth had the honor of being the busiest, with five jets and one prop plane. The top of the second and third innings were the slowest, with one each. I must admit that due to an errand we both had to run for my mother, we missed the bottom of the first."

THE MANY AND THE FEW

The National Basketball Association is on the verge of the new season and there still is a question of how the playoffs will work under the new 17-team alignment. The owners met in Chicago a few months ago and reportedly voted 15-2 to have the first- and second-place teams in each of the league's four divisions meet in the postseason free-for-all. Now it is beginning to appear that there are second thoughts. Some of the owners want the top three teams from each division in the playoffs, meaning that after five months of constant competition only five of the 17 teams would be eliminated. And if you assume that the three new expansion clubs, Cleveland, Buffalo and Portland, are sure-rop to be at the bottom of the standings, only two of the 14 old NBA clubs would be missing

at playoff time. Irv Kosloff, owner of the Philadelphia 76ers, says, "I'm in favor of the eight-team playoff, even if it means we miss out. I'll vote for anything that gives the regular season more meaning, and I'll encourage others to do the same. If we aren't first or second after 82 games, it's just too bad."

SPY IN THE SKY

It was straight out of a Harold Lloyd football comedy of the 1920s. When the College All-Stars were practicing for their game with the Kansas City Chiefs they held several secret sessions inside a field house at Northwestern University to prepare surprises that might lead to an upset of the Super Bowl champions. One of the devious maneuvers was an out-of-sight kickoff return in which a running back would receive the kick, run straight up into the center of the blocking wedge, suddenly halt and throw a long lateral pass to the left, where an-



other All-Star would catch the ball and, hopefully, go all the way for a touchdown. In the game itself, after a Kansas City score in the second period, the CIA troops who had been trained in the trick return were sent into action. But Jan Stenerud, the Chiefs' kicking specialist, booted a ground ball that confused things and completely upset the maneuver. Because Stenerud usually kicks the ball into the end zone on the fly, and because it was obviously not an onside kick, it was apparent that the Chiefs were on to the All-Stars' secret weapon.

At a party after the game Walt

Corey, one of the All-Star coaches, asked Hank Stram, the Kansas City head coach, how he had learned of the Stars' super undercover plan. Stram, not quite twirling a villain's mustache, said, "Remember the guy who was working up in the scaffolding?" Corey thought at first that Stram was kidding, but then he remembered a workman high in the upper reaches of the building. "I wondered about that guy at the time," he said, "because he wasn't changing light bulbs or anything like that. Sure. How else could they have known about our kickoff?"

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE

The British again seem to be retreating into their favorite national pastime, economic crisis, but individual Britons keep charging ahead. One manufacturing firm is offering disposable sleeping bags that are made of paper, are lined with insulating polystyrene and sell for eight shillings (96¢) each. The manufacturer says, with disarming honesty, "Although the bags are showerproof, they would not stand up to a real storm. But we figure that in a real downpour the occupant would move to shelter anyway."

And a chap named Arthur Pedrick, a retired printer, has patented both a winged golf ball and a club with a complex face that forms a pocket around the ball after it is hit. (This keeps the ball from sliding across the club face which, as you know, causes it to slice or hook.)

"I'm a bit of a crank, really," says Pedrick, in another engaging demonstration of British candor. "I used to play golf and I know a bit about aerodynamics. I was frustrated with my slicing and hooking, and I spent a lot of time looking for the damn ball in the rough. It was infuriating." Pedrick doesn't know whether the club is remotely practical, much less legal, and is sure that the winged ball is neither. But he doesn't care. He doesn't play golf anymore, anyway. His real fun nowadays comes from filing wild ideas with the patent office. "I drive them mad," he says.

HIGH PRICE OF FREEBIES

Pro football scouts usually sit in the press box at college games, and press-box seats are traditionally free. But this fall the University of Houston is charging the professionals \$10 each to sit there. Some colleges have barred pro scouts

because of the antagonism that often rises between the two major areas of the game, but Houston publicity man Ted Nance says, "We aren't mad at anyone. It's just that we have limited facilities in our press box and by charging \$10 perhaps we can cut down on the number of requests for seats. There were 20 pro scouts in the press box at two of our games last year, and we had to do something."

SCHOLAR-ATHLETES

Excellence in academics and mediocrity in football have given the Atlantic Coast Conference an Ivy League of the South reputation. Football and basketball coaches alike complain that ACC recruiting standards are too stringent because they go beyond the NCAA's 1.6 rule. Leading proponent of a change is South Carolina, which last year threatened to withdraw from the conference if the bylaws weren't liberalized. Accounting of ACC athletes who averaged at least 3.0 (of a possible 4.0) last year would seem to indicate that the Gamecocks are arguing from strength, at least as far as those two main scholarship sports are concerned. Not only did South Carolina win both regular season championships, it listed a greater percentage of such scholar-athletes in those two sports than any other school. Included was the only ACC football player with a perfect 4.0 and two members of the All-Conference basketball team. But there is one rather embarrassing—and telling—catch to all of this. Overall, South Carolina had fewer 3.0 or better athletes than any of the other schools in the conference.

THEY SAID IT

- Charley Coffey, University of Arkansas assistant football coach, appraising the Razorbacks' important opening game with Stanford: "I personally have taken the approach that if you can't win that first one, you can't possibly have an undefeated season."
- Dick Cavett, discussing the polluted Hudson River and a fisherman who had hooked an undersized fish: "The fish begged the man not to throw him back."
- Byron (Buster) Brannon, explaining how he was named TCU tennis coach: "My predecessor was a professor of religion, and the administration decided that with the players he had he was losing faith."

END

'APRES VOUS, GRETEL'

It was a rousing America's Cup circus at Newport as France's white-gloved Baron Bich went down with his ship, "Gretel II" became challenger and "Intrepid" sailed "Valiant" over the brink **by CARLETON MITCHELL**

All last week a three-ring circus was going on at Newport, and even if it did not live up to its gaudiest notices, for yachtsmen it was the greatest show on earth. The official billing of the star attraction was MATCHES TO SELECT A CHALLENGING YACHT FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP 1970. Nearby, around a special buoy put down for the occasion, potential U.S. defenders circled in the "final finals," the earlier troupe narrowed to two by the ringmaster, otherwise known as the selection committee of the New York Yacht Club. The third ring, ashore, took on side-show overtones as crews juggled masts, rival spokesmen walked tightropes and forecasters scanned crystal balls.

The curtain-raiser came Monday, when *Gretel II* and *France* met for the second time. Their first encounter had been such an even struggle, with the Australians winning on what most observers considered a fluke, that a big spectator fleet of some 200 vessels went out to watch. Tension built during an initial race against time. Finally, just five minutes before the deadline for starting, a light southerly ruffled the water, course signals went up and the two boats began some of the closest maneuvering seen all summer.

Jim Hardy, at the helm of *Gretel*, shaded Pierre (Poppie) Delfour by three seconds as both boats went across the line on port tack. More important, his safe leeward position backwinded *France*, forcing Delfour to tack almost immediately. *Gretel* covered. Two minutes later *France* again tried to clear her wind, beginning a duel which once more evoked the ghosts of *Vim* and *Colambus*. Side by side the two Twelves knifed through the lazy swell, Block Island bold

on the horizon but a frosty haze muting the sun path on the sea.

Twenty-one times *France* tacked, forcing the issue even after *Gretel* had drawn ahead. When the first mark was rounded, *Gretel* led by 1:14. Before the series had begun, Designer Alan Payne had warned Hardy and Vice-Captain Martin Visser to beware downwind in light air. As proved the first day, it was *France*'s best point of sailing. Soon the foredeck crew of *France* was breathing down the Aussie helmsman's neck. Before the next turn they had gone ahead by eight seconds, which opened to 17 at the beginning of the second windward leg.

France was on top by two boat lengths, thus reversing the situation at the start. It was now *Gretel* which had to break through the wind shadow of a boat ahead, and she wasted no time in doing so. Sailing full, Hardy walked through *France*'s lee, squeezed up and forced Delfour to tack in less than five minutes. Then, inexplicably, the Australian boat continued on her way, without covering. *France* stood on for nearly a mile with her wind clear. When she tacked back to starboard and finally closed *Gretel*, the Aussie had to dip under her stern.

Thus presented the lead, *France* could not hold it. Jim Hardy had learned his lesson, fairly cheaply. He covered, and on the next meeting *Gretel* was again in front. There was another swap of position on the next downwind leg, making six times the lead changed hands, but *Gretel* was first to finish, by 1:32. It had been another close race, building up to even more interest in the next encounter, especially after it was announced that Louis Noverraz would be back on *France*'s helm. Although there could be no criticism of Delfour, ev-

eryone was anxious for the Swiss master to have another chance.

Next day, *Intrepid* and *Valiant* sailed the first race of a boat-to-boat series that could only result in death for one candidate—and was to do so not so suddenly for *Valiant*. The breeze was light, a condition which has plagued racers and committees during past weeks, and the race was over at the start. Bob McCullough tried to force *Intrepid* on the wrong side of the committee boat, left too much room, luffed until *Valiant* was dead in the water, and fell off to leeward while Bill Ficker drove through and away. From far astern, Polvor inaugurated a duel on the second upwind leg, when 42 tacks brought the rival winch pumpers within two of the record set by *Constellation* and *American Eagle* in 1964. But unlike that classic battle, where *Connie* broke through to win—and in the process broke the *Bird's* heart and wings—*Valiant* steadily dropped astern to trail by 3:24 at the finish.

Wednesday provided more of a test under the big top of a hazy sky. A true Buzzards Bay smoky sou'wester finally blew in, a moderate eight knots at the start but freshening to a solid 18 near the finish. No child ever had more trouble choosing between rings than the enthusiasts in the spectator fleet, but as on Monday the big draw was the international stage.

Occasional whitecaps flecked the wave crests as *France* and *Gretel* sparred before the start. As before, Louis Noverraz and Jim Hardy were not afraid to mix it at close quarters. The Aussie final-

continued

"Gretel" sailing up a breeze—a challenger which might rock the cup on its pedestal





ly led across the line by two ticks of the watch, although Novraz had his wind clear. But soon thereafter all resemblance to the first match ended. Inexorably the white bow of *Gretel* slid out beyond the blue hull of *France*, forcing her around approximately five minutes after the start. Jim Hardy applied only loose cover, confident of his charge's prowess to windward. By the first mark *France* was well astern.

Just after the turn the Aussies put on a show to live things up a bit. Main-sheet man David Forbes leaned outboard to flip the spinnaker sheet over the end of the boom. A surge decanted him overboard, where he was towed alongside, still holding the mainsheet. To a spectator on the lee side he looked like "an oversize sack of potatoes, churning up foam." Quick and husky crewmates hauled him into the cockpit. Had Forbes lost his grip, *Gretel* would have had to turn back, for the rules require a boat to finish with the same number in crew as she carried at the start. As it was, *France* whittled down *Gretel's* lead on the two reaching legs, although she lost it back to weather. At the finish *Gretel* was the winner despite a second weird mishap. When not far from the line, a faulty tack fitting parted, so she got the gun with her genoa jib kiting nearly to the masthead.

Oddly, the American race was almost identical, minus the unscheduled excitement. At the fifth mark for *Gretel*, where she led by 2:04, we could see spinnakers as *Intrepid* and *Valiant* approached their last downwind turn. There the margin was 2:01. After watching *Gretel* and *France* slugging to windward in the freshening breeze and building sea, it was rewarding to move to the other course. *Intrepid* was on top, slicing smoothly through the whitecaps, not plunging but showing plenty of power and drive. To me, she had a belly-down flat-out look, using all of her waterline length for maximum speed and making very little fuss fore or aft. By comparison, *Valiant* seemed to hobbyhose, and there was definitely more turbulence under the stern. While an 18-knot breeze is not enough to prove heavy weather ability, there was plenty of heft in the damp chill air, and *Intrepid* was liking it. She had already proved her ability in light-

er airs. Now she won by 2:06, and again on Thursday, in a race shortened to five legs by a dying wind, by :40. On Friday the selection committee decreed no race for the American candidates, reportedly awaiting stronger wind. Thus there was nothing to detract from what most observers thought would be the fourth and final clash between Australia and France. Even Baron Marcel Bich must have shared the feeling, for he was at the helm as his boat approached the line. He had previously told friends that if his teams lost the first three races, he would skipper the fourth himself.

The baron came prepared to go down in style, dressed as no racing sailor has been in this era—white blazer, white slacks, white shirt, white yachting cap, even white gloves. As he passed the astonished Aussies, he doffed his cap with a courtly gesture. The start was a tragicomic anticlimax. The baron had invented a maneuver surely unique in yachting annals—he planned to lure *Gretel* far to windward across the line before the starting gun, then have his crew ready with a spinnaker. He would suddenly turn back, catch *Gretel* unprepared, duck across and be off.

The Aussies simply stayed between *France* and the line, dipped down first and were making knots to windward while the baron was still trying to get back under spinnaker.

Although visibility was at least a mile at the start, haze soon thickened into fog. Progressively the race became a test of navigators. *France*, four minutes 44 seconds astern at the third mark, trailed by 24:15 at the next after a period of groping. Australian Bill Fesq hit every mark on the nose. I watched as *Gretel* came charging out of the mark to cross precisely at the center of the finish line. Visibility then dropped to nearly zero. After more than half an hour of fruitless searching, *France* lowered sails. It was a sad ending for the French, but indubitably navigation is part of the test of racing. Baron Bich did not agree. On Sunday he called a press conference to criticize the International Race Committee for not canceling the race and declared that he would not return as a challenger.

Among the unanswered questions stemming from the cup trials, two will keep cabin stove gams hot for a long time. First is whether *Intrepid*, after modifications by Britton Chance this year, is faster than in '67; her time margins

against *Weatherly*, never considered a world beater among the old guard, were not very impressive. How she would fare today against *Constellation* in top form is a matter of conjecture. This brings up a doubt frequently expressed: Is the entire present crop of Twelves overrefined and overdesigned, hard to steer, too sensitive to sails and trim? As George Hanman, *Weatherly's* 1970 helmsman, put it, "The new boats are such mechanical monsters the crew spends more time on nuts and bolts than sailing."

The second question is even more in the realm of imponderables, as it concerns touch on the helm and overall organization, but it is only fair to Olin Stephens, the designer of *Valiant*, to speculate if changes aboard could have resulted in improved performance. As of Sunday morning, July 26, 1964, during the New York Yacht Club Cruise, *American Eagle* had racked up 15 victories without suffering a defeat. Billy Luderus was being complimented for a breakthrough design, and the helmsman, Bill Cox, was hailed with "epithets appropriate to Odysseus," in the words of one writer. Yet with a new helmsman and reassigned duties aboard, coupled with a few new sails and sail-handling techniques, Stephens' *Constellation* went on to defend the cup by winning almost every remaining trial race.

But the immediate question is how *Gretel* will fare as challenger. (Additional victories by Ficker on Saturday and Sunday clinched *Intrepid's* selection as defender and she was officially so named.) While no contest between complicated machines relying on so uncertain a commodity as the wind can be predicted, there seem to be a few hopeful indications of close racing. With *Gretel*, the technological gap between challenger and defender appears to have narrowed. The Australian mast is beautifully designed and fabricated; it has no welds and carries a fair bend for its entire length. Over 2,500 plastic pegs act as vortex generators, like the spoilers on a jet aircraft's wing surface, to improve the flow of air over the sails. *Gretel's* sails keep their shape better than those of any previous challenger, and the Aussie crew work and helmsmanship seem up to anyone's standards. So, while I think the America's Cup will still remain on its pedestal, it may rock a bit during September. END

"Intrepid" reeling off knots. Even when "Valiant" got ahead, she couldn't stay there.

MIAMI GETS A MIRACLE WORKER

The Dolphins, who were flatter than flounders for four years, have in Don Shula a coach who knows how to talk to them. The result: four straight exhibition victories, including last week's win over Baltimore **by TEX MAULE**

The Miami Dolphins, a slightly unreal football team made up of a quarterback named Bob Griese, a linebacker named Nick Buoniconti, a wide receiver named Paul Warfield and a lot of people called Who's That?, beat the Baltimore Colts 20-13 before a multirade in the Orange Bowl last Saturday night. It was an exhibition game, but it was played for blood by both the Dolphins and the Colts, and for good reason.

The Colts, who are probably a better team than the Dolphins, wanted to beat their old coach, Don Shula, who deserted Baltimore for warmer weather and more money back in February. Shula,

who now owns a piece of the Dolphins as part of his recompense for breaching a 5-year contract with Baltimore, naturally wanted to increase the value of his investment. He did.

The Dolphins in the pre-Shula era were about as sparkling as a spotted grouper. Since Shula took over and instituted a crash program they have suddenly become the toast of Miami. The young ladies who haunt the bars on Collins Avenue in Miami Beach offering their company for the evening in exchange for cash were offering their favors for tickets to the game Friday night. There were no takers.

This was the fourth straight preseason victory for the Dolphins, who had never won more than two games in a row in their four-year history. Miami's win streak is reminiscent of the preseason achievement of Tom Fears with the New Orleans Saints in their first year—they won five in a row after dropping the first, then lost 11 of 14 regular-season games. Shula, of course, was faced with the same problem as Fears; although the Dolphins aren't a brand-new team, they have been a spectacularly unsuccessful one, and Shula had to adopt heroic methods to create fans.

Shula came to the Dolphins almost by accident. After the draft meetings in January, Bill Braucher and Edwin Pope, two Miami sportswriters, were talking to Joe Robbie, the Dolphins' owner, trying to get him to commit himself on whether he was going to fire Head Coach George Wilson. Rumor had it that Wilson was through, but Robbie hadn't made any formal statement.

Robbie asked the scribes—as sportswriters are often termed in the South—who he could get to replace Wilson. Braucher, who attended John Carroll University with Shula, brought his name up, half in jest. Robbie, who isn't known for having one of the world's great senses of humor, suggested that Braucher contact Shula to see if he would be interested. Not long after that, Shula called Robbie.

The deal was worked out in a matter of two or three weeks, but Colt Owner Carroll Rosenbloom knew nothing about it until St. Valentine's Day, when he was in Hawaii on his way home from a tour of the Orient.

"I had forgotten to disconnect my phone and it rang about 8 a.m.," Rosenbloom said the other day. "It was Don, and I had no idea what he wanted until he told me he had an opportunity to go to Miami and acquire a percentage of the club. It reminded him that he had a five-year contract with me, but I told him, too, we had a policy of not keeping people who didn't want to be with us. He told me about the deal he had with Miami and I think he was offering me a chance to match it, but I didn't."

Actually, Rosenbloom wasn't very disturbed at losing Shula. After their conversation he went back to sleep. He had been somewhat disenchanted with Shula ever since the Colts lost to the Jets in the Super Bowl.

"We didn't play well last year," Rosenbloom said. "We had only a couple of good games—against bad teams. We didn't even look good winning. If Robbie had come to me and asked for Shula I wouldn't have objected strenuously."

What Robbie did, of course, was against league rules, no club can tamper with the personnel, coaching or playing, of another team. However, he got off with a surprisingly light penalty from Commissioner Pete Rozelle and the Owners' Executive Committee, which decides on reparations in cases like this.

The Dolphins gave up their first draft choice in 1971 for Shula, which makes him only half as valuable as Dave Parks, a wide receiver signed by the Saints in 1968 after he had played out his option with the San Francisco 49ers. As payment for Parks, Rozelle awarded the 49ers Kevin Hardy, who had been the Saints' first draft choice that season, plus their first draft choice the following year. And Parks was legitimate game for New Orleans, since



Coach Shula, who left Baltimore for Miami, chats with his successor, Don McCafferty.



The Dolphins' Jim Kiick lies in the end zone after scoring a touchdown on a two-yard run.

he was a free agent at the time the Saints signed him.

The Colt players shed no tears when Shula left. "I think it was a good deal for both clubs," said Guard Dan Sullivan. "The Dolphins needed a rah-rah guy and a strict disciplinarian and that's what Shula is. And we're better off with Don McCafferty. He's a quiet guy, but he gets things done."

Shula had scheduled an early training camp for the Dolphins, since he was installing a completely new system with different terminology, a different numbering system for calling plays and new defenses. "The strike really hurt us more than any other club," he said last week. "I have no regrets about coming here—it was an opportunity I couldn't afford to turn down. Every coach wants a piece of the action I guess. But we had a tough time with the limited practice at our disposal. Luckily, I had a chance to work with Griese during the off season so that he was familiar with the offense. And we worked very hard. I explained to the club that we would have to work overtime to make up, and they did it willingly."

Shula had 13 practice sessions in the five days before the Dolphins played their first exhibition game against Pittsburgh. "The club has improved each week since

then," he said before the Baltimore game. "I hope they can rise to this challenge."

Robbie's gamble has paid off not only in unprecedented victories for the Dolphins—their other victims were Cincinnati and San Francisco—but in extraordinary interest at the gate. The first two exhibitions in Miami were the second- and third-largest crowds in Dolphin history, and the Colt game drew a full house for the first time since the club began. There were 76,712 people in the Orange Bowl Saturday night, all of them howling maniacally as Griese threw a 20-yard scoring pass to Larry Seiple. Jim Kiick ran over from two yards out and Karl Krenser booted a pair of field goals.

Watching this team, it was hard to believe that Shula had had so little time to install his system. They were a well-schooled, alert club and they beat the Colts soundly with no flukes—and might even have beaten them worse.

"We could see the difference in Miami in looking at the movies," Sullivan said before the game. "We played them a couple of years ago and at that time, I remember, when you watched the defensive line it looked disorganized and confused. In the movies we saw of their exhibition games this year, they knew what they were doing. It was a different club."

Actually, the Colts had a fairly legitimate excuse for losing. Their flight from Denver was held up for five hours in New Orleans by a faulty engine, and the stress of the long wait made Tom Matte's chronic stomach ulcer kick up; he was hauled to the hospital at 4 a.m. Since Matte is the Colts' top running back, his loss was a serious one but not serious enough to account for the astonishing Miami victory.

Of course, despite the unusual amount of emotion generated by the circumstances surrounding this game Don McCafferty, knowing very well that the Colts will play the Dolphins twice more during the regular season, didn't go full blast. Much of the second half he used a young offensive line, young linebackers and old Earl Morrall.

Shula, though, deserves a great deal of credit for the job he has done in creating a disciplined, good football team from a bunch of players who were a good deal less than that a year ago. On this warm, windy night he kept his first two units in the game all the way except for two series of downs late in the game, when the Dolphins had the ball deep in Baltimore territory with time seeping away. It is doubtful that Miami will be able to beat Baltimore in either league game, when the first-line Colts go all the way.

But Joe Robbie, not the best-liked owner in the league by a wide measure, won his gamble. The overflowing house that came to see this game will be back, the Dolphins have already sold some 4,000 more season tickets than they had at this time last year. And Robbie got a bargain in Shula, even with giving him a part of the club and dealing the Colts a first draft choice. The Colts will probably use that choice to pick a quarterback next year, since John Unitas, who played the first half—in which the Colts had to settle for a couple of Lou Michaels' field goals—and Morrall, who threw a 10-yard touchdown pass to John Mackey, are both in their 15th season. With Griese, Shula doesn't need a quarterback. All he needs is a little more time, and he'll have that. And the girls on Collins Avenue will have to go back to asking for cash. No one in Miami is going to be giving up a Dolphin ticket for anything.

END

A BAKER'S DREAM NEEDS DOUGH

Sparked by a sports fanatic and sponsored by a Los Angeles baker, the Helms Hall achieved world renown, but it soon may be only history too, for it can find no new backers and eviction day is coming **by JOE JARES**

Helms Hall in Los Angeles, the finest sports museum and library in the world, was unusually quiet last week. There were no visitors, no chattering schoolchildren, not even a research fanatic poring over Bartley Nelson's 21 scrapbooks, all bound in red leather. The well-used mimeograph machine, instead of cranking out news about, say, the Helms Fencing Hall of Fame, was silent. The champions, living there in photographs, cartoons, printed pages and engraved bric-a-brac, were playing in an empty house.

The phone rang in the office of Managing Director William R. Schroeder, breaking the silence. It was a long-distance call from Johnny Weissmuller, the best swimmer and best Tarzan there ever was, and he wanted to know if it was all true: Was the Helms Hall in financial trouble? Were the exhibits closed to the public? Was next January 31 the deadline for getting out? It conjured up the frightening picture of Schroeder and his assistant, Braven Dyer Jr., sitting on the dirt island in the middle of Venice Boulevard surrounded by a ton or so of their beloved memorabilia and ready to angale themselves on Stella Walsh's javelin. Weissmuller envisioned his own medals there, too, next to the javelin, and was worried.

"John, we're going to continue," said Schroeder confidently. "We're looking for a new benefactor, and we should be able to announce something in the next two or three weeks."

"O.K., Bill. I left my things there, and as far as I'm concerned they can stay forever."

Forever is what bakery magnate Paul Hoy Helms had in mind when he and Schroeder started the Helms Athletic Foundation 34 years ago. "This foundation is dedicated to the boys and girls of the finest nation in the world," Helms once said. "It has been set up in trust and financed so that it can be perpet-

uated perhaps forever and can never be altered. Otherwise, I could not accept these valuable trophies which now have a permanent place in Helms Hall."

But permanence is a fleeting thing these days. Though the death of Helms in 1957 did not affect the hall, supermarkets did, and Helms Bakeries, which sold bread and other baked goods from neighborhood touring trucks (a la the Good Humor man), ceased operations late last year. Its marketing method had become outmoded and it was too late to move into the supermarkets. Helms Hall was subsidized 100% by the bakery, there actually was no foundation or trust. So no bakery, no dough. As a result, the museum is for sale in a package with the rest of the West Los Angeles bakery for \$3 million.

The cherished items inside the hall and the Helms Athletic Foundation's numerous award programs and halls of fame have been entrusted to Schroeder while the search goes on for an angel. What Schroeder has in mind is, "a representative, wholesome organization."

"Why, it's tailor-made for a big corporation, a savings and loan, an insurance company," says Helms Bakeries President Aaron Raboff.

Considering the money some corporations put into sport, it would seem easy enough to find a company to pick up Helms Hall's annual tab of slightly more than \$100,000, but so far the chance to be associated with, say, Jesse Owens' spikes, has not wooed today's executives.

Schroeder recently sent out a prospectus describing the Helms Athletic Foundation as a sports museum "housing the most complete collection of trophies, awards, sports mementos, photographs in the world" and "the most complete sports library in the world." There have been nibbles—Sunkist, Von sporting goods, a major insurance company and Jack Kent Cooke's Forum in suburban Inglewood—but no strikes.

If money cannot be raised privately, Schroeder will look for public help from a governmental body. One likely site for the hall is Exposition Park, home of the Coliseum and Sports Arena. The Coliseum commission is planning a 308-foot marquee or signboard (which, with a new scoreboard for the Coliseum, will cost \$4.5 million), and Helms Hall could nestle comfortably in the base. The trouble is that it will be 10 years before the commission retires the bonds on the Sports Arena, so the hall's million-dollar

continued

A SAMPLING OF THE HELMS RELICS

● Jesse Owens' shoe, worn on May 25, 1935 at Ann Arbor, Mich. when he broke three world records—the 100-yard dash, the 220-yard low hurdles and the long jump—and tied another, the 100-yard dash.

● Lou Gehrig's shirt, a road-uniform model of a type worn in the mid-'30s.

● Gene Tunney's belt, won on Sept. 23, 1926 in Philadelphia when Tunney first defeated Jack Dempsey for the world heavyweight title. Above the belt are two nickel slabs from the 1927 "long-count" fight in Chicago that ended Dempsey's championship career. The background, appearing to be a flag, actually is the decorative sash worn by Jim Jeffries for formal portraits and before each title fight. Most U.S. champions wore such sashes.

● George Woolf's bright red C.S. Howard silks, worn on July 16, 1938 when Woolf rode Seabiscuit to victory in the first Hollywood Gold Cup. Cap and silks in background were used by Eddie Arcaro in 1948 when he won the Triple Crown aboard Citation for Calumet Farm.





lar operating cost over a decade would have to be met by someone else.

"The most important thing is the security of the foundation for years and years to come," says Schroeder. "It's got to go on forever." Schroeder is sure his museum will be saved, but a close friend says, "Bill isn't sleeping nights. He is 65 years old and the foundation has been his life. He couldn't stand to see it disintegrate."

This is the second time that Schroeder has found himself searching for a hall to hold his hobby. By the early 1930s his collection of sports relics had reached such proportions that he had to move it out of his house—or move himself. His initial notion that a company might find promotional use for his treasures through a sports foundation turned up no Depression-era backers. Then in July of 1936 he wrote Paul Helms about his plan. Helms, a prosperous Los Angeles businessman, had Schroeder to dinner, listened to his carefully rehearsed sales pitch and then

said he would be willing to back a foundation, but only if the commercial aspects of the plan were toned down.

Of course, Helms did not mind if his sports annex helped move baked goods, but it was primarily a muffin-soft sell. The company did call its main product "Helms Olympic Bread, the Bread of Olympic Champions," a name that never ceased to irk amateur punster Avery Brundage. Helms felt the name was justified because during the Los Angeles Olympiad in 1932 he had his bread delivered daily to the entire Olympic Village. Then in 1936 the Germans asked Helms for his recipes and used them for bread given to the teams. In later years Helms got fresh bread daily to the U.S. teams at London and Helsinki—and Brundage be damned.

In the beginning, Schroeder and his new Helms Athletic Foundation were installed in the W. M. Garland building at Ninth and Spring streets. Then in 1948 Helms Hall was built, and a wing was added the next year.

The hall was seldom listed with Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm and the Farmer's Market as a major Southern California tourist attraction, but it quietly became an institution. More and more champions donated items for the museum: that shot Owens used to break three world records and tie another in one afternoon in 1935, almost all of Paddy O'Brien's medals, the football Georgia Tech used to beat Cumberland 222 to 0. More and more people called in with their sports questions or came by to gawk at Abe Lincoln's ax handle—chopping wood can be sport—or Babe Ruth's last uniform, the one he wore as a coach for the Dodgers in 1938, or a tee-shirt used to start the 1936 Olympiad in Berlin.

The most impressive single item in the hall is the World Trophy, which is made of gold, silver, bronze and marble and would cost more than \$30,000 to replace today. The trophy dominates Helms Hall's Olympic flag room and honors each year the best amateur athletes of six continents. Schroeder and Dyer have prowled through the library and come up with winner's names going back to 1896, the year of the first modern Olympics in Athens.

Helms Hall was always a friendly and informal place. Even the janitor would stop to gab about sports with the visitors. In the patio out back, under two

Brazilian pepper trees, Schroeder, and sometimes Mr. Helms himself, would entertain the touring Korean Olympic team or the kids in the neighborhood. Cocktails and hot bread at 6 o'clock were a tradition.

Helms gave money generously to promote international goodwill through sports, even after one such gesture led him, against his better judgment, to corner the market in Finnish javelins. After the 1948 Olympics in London, a Finnish track and field coach gave a number of javelins to two American athletes who were to sell them in the U.S. The coach himself arrived in Los Angeles a year later expecting to pick up his share of the profits, but found no javelins had been sold. He couldn't afford to get home again. Helms, tipped off about the problem by Schroeder, came to the rescue with a \$2,500 check. Eventually a sporting-goods dealer sold all the javelins—it took four years—and the foundation got its money back.

Schroeder is the champion money raiser in Los Angeles for the Olympic Fund and an expert organizer of testimonial dinners. Following one such affair for a local sports editor, there was \$700 left in the kitty. Not long afterward Schroeder's "very dear friend" Jim Thorpe died broke in a trailer in Lomita, Calif., and Schroeder used the \$700 to buy Thorpe a coffin. He also sent cards to friends all over the country and raised \$1,000 more to help Mrs. Thorpe.

One night last week 75 of Schroeder's friends turned the tables on him and surprised him with a party in the patio. It was the last party under the twin pepper trees and it was just like old times, except there was no smell of fresh-baked Olympic bread from the nearby ovens. Schroeder was in shirt-sleeves, and Braven Dyer Jr. got behind the grill and helped cook the steaks. It was a wake, a protest meeting, a rally and a testimonial all in one. Dinner was followed by many speeches, some maudlin, some angry.

USC Athletic Director Jess Hill called for a "future home and an adequate one." A high school athletic official said, "The idea will never die. None of us will let it die." City Councilman John Ferraro, an ex-All-America tackle, said, "We will not let it fall apart. We don't want to lose it."

Nobody does, but it's a bear market in sentiment right now.

END

• Jim Thorpe's shoes, one of the few personal items left by the great Indian athlete. The shoes were never worn in a game but so a Warner Brothers movie led when Thorpe was technical advisor for "Jim Thorpe, All-American" in foreground is right shoe of USC's Johnny Baker, which he wore when kicking field goal that defeated Knute Rockne's Notre Dame team at South Bend 16-14 in 1937.

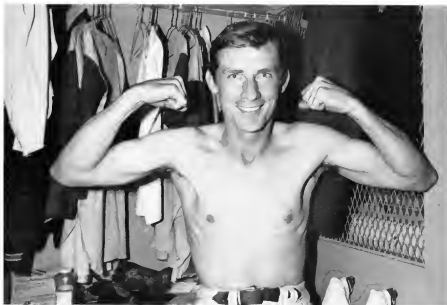
• The bat used in college football's highest scoring game. It was snatched from the field by a Georgia Tech student when game ended after 40 minutes.

• Jack Dempsey's glove known to have been used in the 1913 Fred Fulton fight in which Dempsey knocked out Fulton in 18 seconds. It presumably was battered about informally after that.

• Jack Powell's white broom, with which the National and Pacific Coast League umpire dusted off home plate for 10 years.

• The eight-foot Helms World Trophy, which honors the year's foremost athlete on each of six continents. Standing in the trophy room, which is docked with flags from various Olympic Games, is the collection's founder, William Helms.

... AND A MIGHTY MET IS HE!



Bud Harrelson does not exactly have blacksmith's arms, and he wears down to a twig in the dog days of summer. But he is holding New York together—almost—as it battles for its very life **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

It's in the record book, but who's going to look at it?" Bud Harrelson was saying, and then added in the accepted manner of all good athletes, "and what good does it all do if you lose the game?"

Harrelson was sitting on a stool in the clubhouse. It was late on one of those steamy mid-August afternoons that are apt to send loving couples to the divorce court, and the World Champion New York Mets had just been

whopped by a collection of whozats called the Houston Astros.

When the game began, Tom Seaver was pitching for the Mets, trying to become the second 18-game winner in the National League this year. Behind him at shortstop was Derrel McKinley Harrelson (*see cover*), all 5' 10" and 146 pounds of him bent over, concentrating, his arms dangling loosely. Harrelson was well aware at this point that he had not made an error in nearly

two months, not since the 23rd of June in Chicago. In the meantime, he had handled 219 chances (104 putouts, 115 assists), and if he completed this game intact he would tie a major league record set the previous season by Don Kessinger of the Cubs—54 consecutive games by a shortstop without an error. Such things are important to today's Mets, because their bats usually seem to be made of Styrofoam and rolled up copies of the *Daily News*. Harrelson was

aware of the impending record only because a baseball writer in Atlanta had brought it to his attention several days earlier. "[I didn't mind his telling me," said Harrelson. "It's his job." Among other things, Harrelson is noted for a generous disposition.

The first batter of the game, Jesus Alou, sent a routine grounder to Second Baseman Al Weis, who backed away uncertainly and then conducted a serious argument with the ball. Error No. 1. Seaver survived that inning undamaged and, with the Mets up, Harrelson walked and eventually scored a run on a Cleon Jones single. It still seemed like the formula that had raised the Mets from obloquy to primacy: tight pitching, Harrelson leading a consistently superb defense and helping to seroungue an occasional run.

On this afternoon the script went awry as it so often does these days with the Mets, who are vainly spinning their wheels in pursuit of stumbling Pittsburgh. Line drives whizzed through the infield like cannonballs at Balaclava. The Mets treated the baseballs as dangerous enemies, and Seaver was driven from the game after the sixth inning, his earliest departure of the year. Only Harrelson remained immune to the epidemic of bootery. Once, after gracefully saving a grounder headed for left field, he forced a runner at second, then kicked the dirt in disgust. He felt that his hurried throw had been too low to permit the double play. He was the only person in the ball park to think so. "Buddy," says roommate Seaver, "sets impossible goals for himself." In the very next game Harrelson muffed an easy ground ball on the first ball hit to him in the first inning, the errorless streak ended and he was freed to focus his concentration on the more important issue of the moment; helping the Mets back into first place before the season has run its course.

As September arrived, the Mets were no longer last year's eager, straining young men with a bottle full of lightning. Yet, despite their obvious troubles,

their clubhouse was a cheerful place, free of intense dedication. Last year, when the ball took miraculous bounces for them, every day was like Bob Cratchit's Christmas. Now the pop flies were falling between fielders, nobody covered the bug for the game-winning double play, six-run leads were squandered as if there were a million tomorrows. Seaver, the team leader in pinching and enthusiasm, lost five out of six games that should have put him over the 20-game mark. Harrelson, whose quiet competence unites the infield, was down to skin and bones under the double burden of summer heat and wasted opportunities.

Even with 158 pounds of springtime beef on him, Harrelson looks strangely frail in the company of professional athletes. His present peaked state is a team joke. The others kid him about having sand kicked in his face like the 98-pound weakling, and Harrelson's cheerful young face lights up with the gags. "Pretty soon," he says, "the only thing you'll be able to see is my nose."

To be sure, Harrelson has what the late Stanley Walker of the *New York Herald Tribune* used to consider a sign of character in a man, what he called "a bone in the face." Harrelson's is a good, well-chiseled face, full of humor and punctuated by bright blue eyes and a wide, generous mouth. The ears are prominent, and the wavy brown hair—like the owner—is neatly trimmed to fit an earlier time and a disappearing ethic. The sideburns barely reach the earlobes. As he sits naked in front of his locker, one cannot miss a vertical scar across his kneecap. It is a testament to the fearless way Harrelson makes the pivot on the double play.

The career of Harrelson, who is 26, parallels the Mets' story. He was signed as a freshman out of San Francisco State in 1963, when the Mets were only a year old and ransacking the countryside for young talent while holding the franchise together at the old Polo Grounds with Casey Stengel's wit and a lot of creaky leftovers like Frank Thomas and

Gil Hodges—the latter, of course, destined to return and lead a march to glory. Harrelson was in college on a basketball scholarship, but the baseball scouts from the Yankees and Cubs and Cards were all on his scent. He chose the Mets and their modest bonus of slightly over \$10,000 only because he thought it was a quicker road to the majors.

For the next few years Harrelson and a lot of other young men were being sifted through the Mets sieve in places like Salinas and Buffalo and Jacksonville, but only three of that generation of neophytes survived to become part of the New Breed that began to staff the mother club in 1965. The others were Cleon Jones and Ron Swoboda.

Those early years in the tubes were not the best of times for a young man with such a strong attachment for home and family as Harrelson has. When one sees his attention wander—when, say, he is fully dressed in uniform, a solitary figure seated at his clubhouse locker with chin in hands—he probably is not thinking about how to repair a batting slump or where to eat that night. It is quite possible that he is wondering what his wife Yvonne may be doing at the moment, or whether daughter Kimberly, 3½, and son Timothy, 1, have learned any new words in daddy's absence.

The strong sense of family was born out of a hard struggle. Harrelson's forbears forsook Oklahoma for California in the days of the dust bowl and stopped in the San Joaquin Valley south of Fresno, where so many of the migrating Okies scraped a living picking crops. His parents were raised there, married young and then during World War II moved on to war work in the San Francisco Bay Area. Bud was the middle of three Harrelson children who grew up around Hayward, where Glenn Harrelson, Bud's father, later sold cars and then started up his own used-car business.

Bud is proud of his father and the other members of his family. "He's not the normal guy you'd hear of," he says of Glenn, "who'd sell you a piece of

continued

spot. When he sells you a car you'll come back for another. He's a smart businessman, and he's helped me and my older brother Dwane a lot in business. He's not the type you're going to walk all over. We're all pretty much alike in this respect. We're independent. We like to be our own bosses. And we love our family life."

There are a lot of cousins and relatives scattered through the Central Valley, so Bud and Yvonne like to take the children home at Christmas for a month or so of visiting. "It's only fair to the grandparents to let them see the kids as they grow," says Harrelson. "My family means more to me than anything."

Harrelson's first year away at Salinas was not too bad. He had just started courting Yvonne, and she could drive over on weekends with his parents. The next year at Buffalo was misery. Yvonne, who was only just out of high school, was working as a dental assistant in Hayward, and they would write each other almost daily. They had planned to be married in the early spring of the following year, but soon after Harrelson returned home they decided they couldn't wait. Yvonne went to Jacksonville with Bud, and baseball was no longer such a lonely game.

By the time Harrelson reached the Mets to stay in the late stages of the 1966 season, the team was about to finish better than 10th for the first time. The following year it slipped back again, and it was not a pleasant experience for an ambitious young shortstop. "The losing feeling has a way of rubbing off on you," Harrelson recalls. "When you lost, that was it. You just lost. When you won it was like winning the World Series. Even so, in '67 there were a lot more new ballplayers coming up, and we could feel things falling into place. We just had to get over the feeling that losing didn't really matter. We just had to get over it."

Gil Hodges arrived to take charge in 1968, and, as Harrelson describes it now, "We began to change the meaning of the word 'amazing.'" Even so, it was not a good year for Harrelson, who was limping along on the knee he had injured breaking up that double play in Jacksonville a couple of years earlier. Before the season ended he went into the hospital to have the cartilage removed, and the next year he helped

bring the miracle to Shea Stadium.

The way everyone looks back on it now, there seems never to have been any doubt that Bud Harrelson would become a shortstop of some stature. Roy McMillan, another of the players obliged to close out a glorious career with an inglorious team, held the job when Harrelson arrived. Harrelson quickly adopted McMillan as a model for fielding, and McMillan remembers the schooling of his young pupil in detail. "I knew he'd be a good one," he says. "He had good hands, good range, got a good jump on the ball and he didn't have trouble with the double play. The thing I tried to teach him was to use his body when he made a throw and always to get into a set position when he made it from deep in the hole. That's the toughest play for a shortstop, and he does it very well."

"He wasn't a real good hitter, so I worked with him on taking advantage of his speed. I bet we worked on bunts some days 200 to 300 times." By that time Harrelson, a natural right-hander, had appraised the scene carefully and had decided to emulate Maury Wills, the small, switch-hitting short fielder of the Dodgers. He explains about learning to hit left-handed: "I had to live with the fact that I wasn't going to be a hero hitting those home runs. I'm not a home-run hitter, I'm not a .300 hitter and I'm not going to make \$125,000 a year. [He does make at least \$30,000.] All I'm supposed to do on offense is get on base and score a run. I may not be as much of a hero to the fans, but I'm just as much of a hero to the club. I have to take advantage of what I am. I am Bud Harrelson, contact hitter, who has to hit the ball on the ground. If I try to hit a fly ball, I'm thinking wrong."

Except during the 1968 season when he was lame, Harrelson developed into a steady .250 hitter. Then came this spring, when his average suddenly soared over .300. "He was like a kid in a candy store," Seaver recalls. "He didn't care who the pitcher was or where he threw the ball. He hit a home run over a fence for the first and only time." Then the mid-summer weariness set in, the weight fell off and the strength left Harrelson's arms and his hands. Signs began to appear in the stands referring to him as Twiggy. His average has dropped to .245 (.287 right-handed, .229 left-handed), and

there was an 0 for 27 stretch when everything looked like a swinging bunt. "I can't take my slump into the field with me," Harrelson kept telling himself. "I'm paid to field, and if I'm not thinking about what I'm doing out there, if I'm not expecting every ball to be hit to me, I'm going to make errors." Hodges and the coaches tried to get Harrelson to relax at the plate, but they were not overly bothered by the slump. "He's not a strong boy, and he gets tired," Hodges pointed out, "but we just have to play him and let him help the club defensively. He can go 0 for 4, and if he does his job defensively he's 4 for 4 as far as I'm concerned."

From the very beginning there was never any question about the rest of Harrelson's ball game. The manager, the coaches—among them Yogi Berra and Eddie Yost, who have seen all the great shortstops since World War II—the other players, the teammates, all agree.

YOST: The shortstops, the real good ones, are defensive-minded. Bud is like that. He is quick, he can run real fast and he has the very good arm. Boudreau was very good, but he was not as fast as Harrelson. Rizzuto was as good as anyone defensively, but his arm was not as good as Bud's.

BERRA: When he first came up he was green all right, but he was just like he is today—easy, friendly. Everybody liked him, and he could play already, too.

MAKTY MARION: Harrelson always impressed me as the guy who held the Mets together. He's a lot better than they give him credit for being, both in fielding and hitting.

MAURY WILLS: Harrelson can make all the plays. He's quick, active, has an outstanding arm and excellent anticipation. He knows how to play a hitter after he's seen him around the league awhile. That shows good knowledge of how to play the game.

GIL HODGES: With the kind of ball club we have, if we don't have a great shortstop we're in a lot of trouble. I don't believe the club could have had the kind of year we had last year without Harrelson. This year he's capable of doing a more outstanding job because he knows the hitters, and he can steal bases. In a couple of more years when he gets to know the hitters even better and our pitchers better, he'll get to the point where he can conserve some

continued



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

of his energies and not get so tired.

SEEVER: Bud and Tom Agee are the most important parts of this team defensively. They're always on top of the game. Bud is a great help to me and the other pitchers when things aren't going well. He'll run to the mound and tell us to slow down. Or he'll say to make sure we get the next one or ask if I want him to cheat a little on the hitter. He may even tell me I'm dropping my shoulder a little or not getting down enough on my right leg.

WILLS: His most outstanding factor is that he is good every day. When I say he's consistent, I mean that perhaps today he will be outstanding, tomorrow he will be fantastic, the next day consistent, down a bit the next day, then back to outstanding and so forth. He's taken more hits away from me than any other shortstop in baseball.

ROY McMILLAN: Bud is the kind of fellow who wants only to play and win, and he'll do anything it takes for his team to win. He doesn't shoot off his mouth and is quiet, which is probably the reason he has been overlooked in some quarters, but you can't condemn a fellow for that. He's a great shortstop and a fine fellow. Any honors he's got coming are long overdue.

HOOBES: It's getting so the unusual play for him is now routine.

SEEVER: Bud is a very thoughtful guy with other people. He loves country and Western music and always travels with a cassette recorder. But he knows I have different tastes, so he brings a Barbra Streisand cassette and the other stuff I like.

WILLS: At bat he's what I call a tough out—he works at staying at bat. He has not yet hit for great average, but he has the potential. One thing is for sure, he's one of the best bunters in the league.

YOST: Bud is still young, and he gets better as he gets more confidence, but right now I would rate him with the best. The only one in the league who is close is Kestinger.

SEEVER: If I were a manager, Buddy has the qualities I would like to see in everybody on my team. He gives 100% effort all the time, and when he leaves the field he never has to say "if."

MET FAN: So who needs an if? The rest of those trees play like The Twig and we win it as a breeze. Oney, when they gonna play it?

END



**Next to you
I like
Green Stripe
best**

USHER'S GREEN STRIPE
Since 1853, the original light Scotch



Belly Up to The Bar, Boys

. . . and to the training table. Stuffing themselves with 9,000 calories a day, the weight lifters shown on the following pages outgrew and outlifted mere heavyweights. Hence, the creation in 1969 of the superheavyweight division, for those who weigh in excess of 242½ pounds. These behemoths, with their 36-inch thighs and 60-inch chests, ponderously clash in Columbus, Ohio later this month for the world championship.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

Nine months ago Vasily Alexeyev was unknown outside of Russia. Now a world-record holder, he is the favorite at Columbus.

BOV	BUI	125 ⁵⁰	190	200
SSON	S	127 ⁵⁰	190	190
EEV	S	130 ⁵⁰	200	217 ⁵
IRANTA	F	140 ⁴⁰	185	192 ⁵

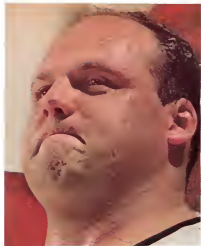




Sven has another superheavyweight. This Johansson is named Ore and weighs in at 260 pounds.

Ken Peters, a 310-pound crane operator from Portland, Ore., was a Brigham Young shotputter.





Serge Reding of Belgium avenged out a kidnapping by demonstrating students in Brussels.

Fifth in the European Championships, Czech Petr Patošick seems well pleased with his lift.



Robert Mang, 29, a West German TV repairman, won't reach his peak for 10 years.



The Giants Who Stoop to Conquer

Joe Dube, all 315 red, white and blue pounds of him (left), says, "I got to get me a Communist. They really get me steamed up." All aquiver with patriotic zeal and a personal determination to successfully defend the superheavyweight world title he snatched from the Russians last year, Dube (rhymes with ruby) has been downing 100 vitamin pills a day and lifting as much as a quarter ton of weights at a time. From his makeshift gym in a chicken shed behind his tin-roofed home in Doctors Inlet, Fla., gasps and bellows are heard nightly as he punishes himself in an effort to retain his ranking as the world's strongest man. Owls screech in the high pines and oaks above the shed; within, bare bulbs cast eerie shadows on the dirt floor. Derelict farm machinery is piled in the dark corners. Mosquitoes alight on Dube's arms. "They have a real good smorgasbord with me," he says. A house fan hums, cooling him, but he is maddened of it, totally absorbed by a barbells at his feet that is loaded with hundreds of pounds of weights. Dube's breath slows, becomes measured. He stoops and grasps the bar, breathes deeply and hoists the weights in a mighty press. His eyes dilate with the strain, and after two presses his shirt is soaked through with sweat. He slaps more iron on the bar, tightens his great leather belt, stoops and heaves—a very personal trial of the limits of man's strength.

Later this month comes the public show-down at Columbus, Ohio, for which the Russian superheavyweights Vasily Alexeyev and Stanislav Batschev have been preparing with vengeance. At the European championships in Hungary last June, Alexeyev, a 28-year-old polytechnical student, broke three of the four world records: he pressed 482½ pounds, cleaned-and-jerked 497 pounds and had an astonishing total of 1,350½ pounds. He missed a fourth world record, in the snatch, by less than 14 pounds. Nor is teammate Batschev, a 30-year-old Ukrainian engineer, to be ignored; he did not compete in the Eu-

ropean meet but is considered by some to be almost a match for Alexeyev.

The Soviet weight-lifting program is unrivaled. There are 350,000 lifters in the country, and it is estimated that thousands of these are talented enough to have a chance of approaching Olympic standards. From this pool the Russians have drawn some fabled champions. For a dozen years Soviet lifters won every heavyweight (over 198½ pounds) title at the world championships and at the Olympics. Last April, 10 world records were set at the U.S.S.R. championships. It has been suggested that such extraordinary exploits are unlikely without the aid of drugs. Many weight lifters use anabolic steroids to build their muscle mass and increase their recuperative powers, but there is now talk that the Russians have a power-stimulating inhalant that is administered like smelling salts and gives an athlete quite a lift.

Drugged or not, there probably is a limit to how much weight the human body can raise. The coach of West Germany's weight-lifting team, Tommy Kono, notes the increasing number of wrist injuries in the sport. This is an indication, he believes, that the limit is being approached. Kono's big man, Robert Mang, has had wrist trouble, but Kono feels Mang's main liability at Columbus will be his youth. He is only 20, and it ordinarily takes eight to 10 years for a weight lifter to become seasoned enough to figure in world competition. But Mang recently hoisted 1,256½ pounds, a total that Alexeyev only reached a year ago.

Another ailing competitor was Serge Reding of Belgium, who won the silver medal at Mexico City. A knee injury kept him out of this year's European championships, and while Alexeyev was breaking Reding's world records in the press and clean-and-jerk, Serge worked forlornly at his job in Brussels' Royal Albert Library. Reding, however, got some headlines of his own last May when he was kidnapped by students who wanted to add some muscle to their demands

for more meaningful degrees. They held the 280-pound weight lifter hostage for 24 hours in a medieval castle. Weight-lifting officials were worried that he would be starved, but Reding shouted down from the archers' walkway of the castle tower that he was well fed. "The right of students to question the existing institutions is a proper social phenomenon of this year," Reding says of his experience. He is currently reading up on sociology and economics and declares, "If I am to be a champion, then I must be a champion who is well balanced in the duties of the mind and of the body." A fortnight ago Reding fulfilled his duties to his body: he cleaned-and-jerked 499½ pounds to regain his world record.

The only other lifter considered a possible winner in the world meet is Dube's teammate, Ken Patera. For the past two years Patera has beaten Dube in the nationals, and this year Patera's win was especially convincing. He set two American and two meet records and, though his total of 1,285 pounds hardly matches Alexeyev's feats in Hungary, Patera is improving—the 1970 nationals was only his seventh weight-lifting competition. He took up the sport two years ago to improve his performance in the shotput (his personal best is 64' ½"). Patera is a mammoth man—even alongside his immense colleagues—with huge shoulder muscles that are the result of a back deformity. He considers them the source of his tremendous strength.

He will need every ounce of it. After the nationals Patera said he believed that if he lifted 1,350 pounds he would win the world title. Now it appears that figure will not be enough. Too many have been adding a couple pounds here and a couple pounds there, grunting their way toward the confrontation at Columbus. There they will stand broodingly over their weights, their faces showing anger, exaltation—sometimes fear—and, summoning up all the power within themselves, stoop to conquer.

—PAT RYAN

We all have our problems this year. Some have more than others, but few have more than George Allen, the football coach. Allen knows that no matter how well or badly his Los Angeles Rams play this season he is almost certain to lose his job.

It will come as no surprise to anyone familiar with the United States to learn that another football coach is going to be fired; firing coaches is an American pastime, like reading the fannies or burning the flag. Usually, however, the coach has done something egregious like losing. Allen has done just the opposite. In the four years he has been head coach of the Rams they have won 40 games, lost 13 and tied three. Of the active NFL coaches, only Don Shula has a better record—by 0006. What's more, the Rams hadn't had a winning season in the seven years before Allen arrived.

Unlike most people, which he certainly is, Allen ranks the prospect of being fired toward the bottom of the list of things he thinks about occasionally, so he rarely mentions it. Allen's mind is almost solely devoted to winning football games and how it can be done more efficiently. He has written six books on the subject, and if he ever gets around to writing his Ph.D. dissertation that will undoubtedly make seven. His 500-page master's thesis was entitled: *The Survey of Technique and Methods Used in Game Scouting by Outstanding Football Coaches*.

"I've never known a man who concentrated his energies so totally on one goal," Roman Gabriel, the Rams' quarterback, has written of Allen in a diary of the 1969 season. "He works day and night, weekdays and weekends, fall and spring. He fills every minute of every day with football."

Allen, who is 48, maintains, nonetheless, that "nobody should work all the time. Everybody should have some leisure, and the early-morning hours are the best for this. You can combine two good things at once—sleep and leisure. Leisure time is that five or six hours when you sleep at night."

Such a man is not apt to have a wide circle of friends, and Allen doesn't. The people in his world are divided into Rams and non-Rams, and the Rams are subdivided into front-office types who work in Los Angeles and players, coaches, trainers, etc. who work in Long Beach,

YOU WIN!



YOU'RE FIRED!

This is the predicament of homiletic George Allen of the L.A. Rams. He's got the second-best record of any NFL coach, but even a Super Bowl victory might not save his job
by ALFRED WRIGHT

30 miles away. Allen has as little as possible to do with management, which is the main reason he's going to get canned. He and Dan Reeves, the Rams' owner, are not compatible.

"Almost the only thing they have in common is the language they speak," Gabriel has written. "If they were partners in a filling station or a gold mine, I would have advised them to break up."

At the end of the 1968 season—in which the Rams finished with a 10-3-1 record and were second to the Baltimore Colts in the Western Conference of the NFL—Reeves dismissed Allen, even though two years remained on his contract. It was a moment of considerable drama. Six of the Rams' leading players—Gabriel, Deacon Jones, Lamar Lundy, Eddie Meador, Charlie Cowan and Jack Pardee—said they would give up football if Allen were not rehired. When Allen called a press conference to explain his position, 12 Rams stood behind him to demonstrate their loyalty, and, all told, 38 of the 40 players on the roster let it be known that they, too, were on his side. Not only that, a citizens' committee was formed to save Allen's job and 7,500 people signed up overnight. On the other hand, the employees in the Rams' front office held a champagne party to celebrate Allen's dismissal.

After 12 days, in which the Reeves-Allen showdown monopolized the front pages of the local press, Reeves relented and agreed to respect the two remaining years of Allen's contract. Ill for some time with Hodgkin's disease, Reeves didn't have the energy to take on 38 loyal players and thousands of fans. In a generous recantation he announced, "if anyone [meaning Allen] was that dedicated and loved the Rams that much, [I felt] I should reconsider. He was being a big man about the whole thing."

Even so, a residue of ill will remains. Reeves and Allen are cold and formal in their dealings with one another. A peppery little Irishman who likes to stay up late and have a few with fellow sportsmen, Reeves has never been able to relate to a man of Allen's monkish dedication to football. Allen, he once said, took all the fun out of winning. In the closely knit fraternity of football owners and their chums, Allen is regarded as a pariah for having painted their friend Danny into such an uncomfortable cor-

ner. They mutter about how Reeves has had to rescue Allen from illegal trades he made with imaginary draft choices. It is in this context that Allen now enters the fifth and final year of his contract with the Rams.

What makes a winning football coach is an enigma, even to the trade. Winners like George Allen (or Hank Stram or Bud Grant) are no wiser about the game than losers like Norm Van Brocklin. And, as Allen pointed out recently, "Physically there is practically no difference between one team and another in the NFL. Football isn't necessarily won by the best players. It is won by the team with the best attitude."

In a recent interview with Bob Oates of the *Los Angeles Times*, Allen elaborated on this philosophy. "Every man was born with the ability to do something well," he said. "Every man is a born salesman, accountant, football player, farmer or artist. The individual who uses the ability he was given when he was put on this earth—who works to the very limit of that ability—is doing what the Lord intended him to do. This is what life is all about. This is my religion."

Over the past 11 years nobody has meant more to the Rams than free safety Eddie Meador. Allen is the fourth Ram coach (and the first winner) under whom Meador has played, and he has this to say about him: "Allen is totally dedicated to football. He works so hard and demands that his coaches work so hard, the players feel obligated to work hard, too."

But to Allen an unwillingness to lose is even more important than a willingness to work hard. "If you can accept defeat and open your pay envelope without feeling guilty, then you're stealing," he has said in one of the innumerable little moral lessons at his command. "Winning is the only way to go. I've heard that the average NFL player draws a salary of \$25,000, but I can't think of a thing this money will buy that a loser could enjoy. Losers just look foolish in a new car or partying it up. As far as I'm concerned, life without victories is like being in prison."

One day during last month's football strike Allen was sitting in his high-backed chair in his tony, dark office at the Rams' training camp in Fullerton, a Los Angeles suburb. On his lap was one of his

countless black loose-leaf notebooks; this one was open to a page with some rough typing on it. Allen looked at the page and said, "When the veterans get to camp I've got this little thing I'm going to say to them. I'm going to say: 'Last year was a pretty good season with some good points and some bad points. We missed winning the whole thing by just this much. [Here Allen made a circle with his thumb and index finger not quite touching.] But that isn't good enough.' I'm going to tell them that the Detroit Tigers were 23 years before they won the pennant in 1968. Ken Rosewall was runner-up at Wimbledon three times. The San Francisco Giants have been second in the National League for the last five years. I'm going to name a few instances like that and point out that just that little bit more effort is the difference between winning and coming in second. That's what I'm going to tell them, because they have to understand that this is the year we go to the Super Bowl and win it all."

There is nothing in Allen's appearance to indicate the force of his personality. Indeed, far from having a piercing gaze, his eyes seem to be searching the horizon for some stray homely. But his principles were fixed early. In 1948 he accepted his first head-coaching job, at Morningside College in Sioux City, Iowa where they hadn't won a football game in two years, on the condition that his assistant be paid \$3,500. Allen's salary was \$3,900. Since he couldn't afford a car, he rode a bicycle and vowed not to buy a car until he had a winning season. He bought a Ford in 1949.

The son of an auto worker, Allen was born in Detroit and went to Alma (Mich.) College and to Marquette, where he was a 178-pound end, and to Michigan, where he was a 155-pound wrestler and took his master's. After three years at Morningside he moved on to Whittier, and then to the Rams in 1957, as an assistant. For the next eight years he was a defensive coach for the Chicago Bears. The culmination of his career with Chicago came in 1963 when, as a tribute to his defensive ingenuity, he was awarded the game ball after the Bears beat the Giants 14-10 to win the NFL title. Allen is almost equally proud of being a member of Sigma Delta Psi, a national honorary fraternity. To be eligible, you have to be a B student,

continued

run the 100 in 11 flat, high jump five feet, long jump 17 feet, run the 120 low hurdles in 16 flat, do a 20-foot rope climb in 12 flat, swim 100 yards in 1:35, "plus," says Allen, "there are several other things you have to do."

Etty Allen, George's wife, tells a story of their courtship which helps explain the faraway look in George's eyes. Etty was an impressionable young French-Tunisian girl who happened to be visiting friends in Sioux City when George was at Morningside. On one of their first dates Etty was enchanted when she noticed George doodling X's and O's on the tablecloth. "Isn't that romantic?" she thought. "George drawing all those kisses and hugs and cupid's arrows. He must really be trying to tell me something." It wasn't until they were married that Etty wised up.

Even today, after 20 years of marriage and four children, Allen has trouble focusing on his loved ones, much less himself. Etty buys all his clothes, including his shoes, and when he needs a haircut she makes an appointment for him at the airport barbershop so he can get a quick trim before boarding a plane. His salary of \$60,000 a year has made it possible for him to install his family in a Mediterranean-style house, which Etty designed, in Palos Verdes Estates, overlooking the Pacific. "I am never really happy," Allen has said, "unless I can get up in the morning and look at an ocean, a lake or a river. You get strength from a moving body of water."

Particularly in the off season, Allen does his best to spend some time with the family, dining at home ("He likes ice cream," Etty once said "I think it's because he doesn't have to chew. Chewing would take away his concentration from football") or taking everyone camping. It's not easy. Allen finds that unless they are deep in the boondocks, he is apt to spend most of a holiday talking on the phone to other teams about possible trades. According to Bob Oates, not long ago in Hawaii, Allen kept sneaking into phone booths, and once, when he couldn't find a public phone, knocked on a stranger's door.

Asked recently if he ever got his mind off football for more than a few consecutive minutes, Allen thought for a while and replied without any real conviction, "Yes, when my oldest son and I took a trip to Alaska this spring and

flew into an area that only about 12 people a year ever see."

Last season, after the Rams had won their 10th consecutive game by beating Dallas 24-23—a victory that virtually assured them of the Coastal Division title—Allen explained how he was going to celebrate. "I'm going home and have dinner with my family tonight," he said. It turned out he had not done so since July, and this was late November.

Preoccupation with football hardly sets Allen apart from other coaches, however. Preoccupation with detail does. Like most coaches, Allen concludes each practice session with wind sprints. The Rams' sprints are called "striders" because Allen keeps yelling "Don't sprint! Glide! Stride!" He has figured out that the choppy sprinting gait causes pulled muscles. Further, unlike other teams, the Rams run no distances greater than 40 yards. "Football," he explains, "is a 40-yard game. All the big plays are in that range if you count the zigs and zags and other lateral movements. You'd better be able to run more than 20 yards at a burst if you're going to participate in pass offense—or pass defense. On the other hand, you don't have to sustain it 100 yards or even 60. Or take the kicking game. NFL punts average 40 yards, and you'd better be there when they come down. On the kickoff everyone's object is to tackle the runner on his 20-yard line, and that's 40 yards from where we kick. Football is a 40-yard game, so we run 40-yard striders."

A passion for training gadgets is a widespread addiction among coaches, but Allen is so hooked that his practice field has been called Disneyland East. There are nets to throw over and ropes to run under and Exer-Genie pulleys by the dozen and even a pass-rush item called "Joe the Bartender" that looks like an overfed scarecrow. Allen's latest acquisitions are "field weights," stationary versions of the barbell that can be left out on the field without fear of theft. He heard about them from the coach of one of his sons. "I fell in love with them in two minutes," he says. He immediately ordered eight. "No detail is too small. No task is too small—or too big," Allen likes to say.

Although Allen prides himself on his conditioning program, it is only a fraction in his equation for successful football. "The way to win," he insists, "is

to get good athletes, get them in shape and have great morale." As for what makes a good athlete, Allen goes on to explain, "The biggest thing is to love the game, play it with enthusiasm and emotion—and to love to hit people."

"Character" is another of Allen's favorite nouns. During a scrimmage at last year's camp, Allen, who regards rookies with a jaundiced eye because they make so many mistakes, spoke admiringly of a rookie back named Pat Curran. "He almost regurgitated at half-time," Allen said, "and it took Gatorade and smelling salts to revive him. He showed me he's got character."

Enthusiasm, emotion and character. Those are Allen's key words. Every now and then during practice, even in the middle of a conversation, he will sit down on the grass and start doing calisthenics. At the end of each practice session he runs around the field several times on his spindly legs, his body bent forward purposefully. Just as he sets seasonal goals for his players (so many interceptions, so many fumbles, so many sackings of the opposing quarterback), Allen sets goals for himself. One this year is to run a 2:30 half-mile; so far he's done a 2:58. Asked why, he says, "Enthusiasm. If the coach doesn't have enthusiasm, no one will. Every day I get more of it."

Yet enthusiasm, emotion, character and conditioning are still not enough, as Allen well knows. He believes that championships are won by leaving as little as possible to chance. "Winning," he has said, "can be defined as the science of being totally prepared. And I define preparation in three words—leave nothing undone."

For instance, there is nothing so wasteful in Allen's eyes as an expanse of wall without a chart on it. His assistants' offices are adorned with charts on every conceivable statistic—not only of their own players but of their opponents as well. When Allen is on the phone to discuss a possible trade, he can usually glance at a chart to assess the record of the man he is talking about. It was thus that he acquired Alvin Haymond from Philadelphia last year, and Haymond helped win several games for the Rams with his punt returns. When Haymond reported for duty in Allen's office, he was surprised to find his statistics on the wall. "You see why I wanted you,"

continued

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Just as one travels in great style aboard the Cunard luxury liner Queen Elizabeth 2, HS&M Charta Cloth suits also set a direct course to fashion. Premium wool worsted in new shadings of blue, brown, green and olive in fall-favored stripes and plaids. Trim two-button Astra styling with a hint of shape at the waist, deepened pocket flaps and center vent. And HS&M's own NOVA-SET® process* keeps your suit ship-shape and looking new. *Patent Pending

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Allen told him. "And this year your goal is to improve on those figures."

The walls in each of the three meeting rooms where the Rams' offensive, defensive and special teams meet are hung with charts that specify the goals for these units.

For example, to win, according to Allen, the offense must, among other things:

- Move the ball past the 20-yard line before punting.
- Not give the opponents the ball outside its 40.
- Make two out of three short-yardage situations.
- Not get a penalty to stop a drive.
- Make five big plays per game.
- Sustain the ball for 12 plays in a drive.

The units are graded on their goals after each game so they can see how they are doing throughout the season.

Allen also covers the walls of the locker room with homilies such as:

ALWAYS REMEMBER anything is yours if you are willing to **PAY THE PRICE**.

The difference between **MEDIOCRITY** and **GREATNESS** IS **EXTRA EFFORT**.

100% IS NOT . . . enough.

These aphorisms are so ingrained in the Rams that they frequently use them in conversation. During a recent practice session a rookie already steeped in Allenisms was almost breaking a gut on his last few bench presses with a field weight. When someone praised him, he replied, "That's the extra effort you have to make to be a champion."

Since it was as a defensive strategist and teacher that Allen made his reputation, he spent most of his time during his first three years as head coach of the Rams with the defensive unit, installing what is generally regarded as the most complex system and code in pro football. Here, for example, is how he once explained to Gabriel the team's method of containing tight ends. "Whenever we run into a team that wants to go to the tight end too often, we go into the defense we call a 46 jet stub ax combo. If stub can make a good ax block on the tight end a time or two, they quit calling the play. Quarterbacks don't like to waste plays."

Last year, for the first time with the

Rams, Allen devoted his attention to the offense in camp. "This year," he told Gabriel, "I'd like to see you call six draws in every game, six screens and one half back option. You'll have to call that many to count on getting results. The screen pass, particularly, is a play you have to stay with. It can either work the first time or be a bust three or four times in a row. But I've never seen the day when a good team struck out on half a dozen screens. The main thing wrong with this play is that the quarterback doesn't call it often enough. The main reason the 49ers screen so well is they keep using it. And the thing I like about the screen is that it's a game-breaker. It's a more reliable play to get you 40 or 50 yards at one crack than any other play in football. You might not go all the way with it, but this is the play that can set up the winning field goal."

As a final safeguard Allen favors experience and craft over youth and biff. From the moment he joined the Rams he started unloading younger players for oldtimers on other clubs. As of last week Allen had made 50 trades in 4½ years, a major point of dissension between him and Reeves, who had taken great pride in the Rams' scouting system. To be sure, it was extremely thorough and produced 12 of the Rams' starters last year, including such All-Pro as Gabriel, Jones, Meador, Merlin Olsen and Tom Mack. Yet they were never winners until Allen complemented them with veterans from other clubs.

As this year's exhibition season got under way, Allen was distraught over the retirement of two of his oldtimers—Meador, 33, who had decided to devote himself to his insurance business, and Maxie Baughan, 31, the right linebacker and "defensive general," who had played on a patched-up right knee last season. All winter and spring Allen phoned Meador and Baughan several times a week. Last month he finally persuaded them to rejoin the club. "Allen always stands on the side of his players," Meador has said. That, more than anything else, accounts for the extraordinary personal devotion they feel toward him and their joint dedication against their common enemies on the field and in the front office.

Allen's Rams are known around the league as a highly emotional team—and for this reason they are vulnerable. When

they are high, as they were during the first half of their Western Conference playoff with the Vikings last December, they can be devastating. Yet, when they're not on a jag, as in the second half, they look sluggish and disinterested.

One might expect that Allen charges his team up before a game with Rockneian oratory. Before last year's opening preseason game against Dallas, Allen's "human engineering" consisted of a 20-minute lecture in which he said such things as "I want the defense to sit on the right side of the bench and the offense on the left. I want the linebackers as close to the phones and tables as possible. I want the receivers as close to the tables and phones as possible. . . .

"I don't want any long faces on the sidelines. I'd rather have you sitting on the bench with everyone cheering. . . .

"On warmups, pay special attention to your hamstrings and groins. If you can't touch the ground with your knees stiff, you aren't ready. . . .

"I want this year to be 14 and 0. This is your team goal. Think about this all year. I may never mention it again. . . ."

And finally, in his only real appeal to emotion, he said earnestly, "It's a tough crowd here in Los Angeles. The people come from all over the country. But I want them to get so excited about the Rams they have to stand up and applaud. How many times have you seen people standing up and applauding? That's reserved for generals and kings."

Obviously the message had its effect, for the Rams went out and beat Dallas. They also won their first 11 regular-season games before the slump set in that cost them a trip to the Super Bowl.

Not long ago Allen was asked what he thought when he considered his uncertain future. Right away he got that faraway look. "I can't let it affect my work," he finally said. "All I can do is try to win and get to the Super Bowl and win that, and whatever happens beyond that is not in my control."

"Sometimes I'll walk along the beach and pick up rocks and throw them in the ocean. If one is tucked into the sand and bigger than I thought, I just won't leave it there and keep walking. I'll dig it out. I won't let that rock defeat me. The same thing applies to my job."

"Everybody has problems. The person without problems is dead."

END

This man is a GENTLEMAN!



He is also...

...AN ANIMAL!" And, "a man's man, a woman's hero, a young boy's idol and a little girl's dream," according to an eight-page brochure about Baltimore Colt Mike Curtis released by Mike Curtis Enterprises. The booklet contains photographs of Curtis sporting golf garb, tuxedo, swimsuit and sex appeal, plus a list of his awards and a page of quotes about him. These begin with Spiro T. Agnew's, "Your outstanding qualities of determination, hard work and humility serve as a splendid example..." and range through a roster of teammate accolades: "I bump heads with the best line-backers in the game, week after week. I have to know line-backers. But I want to say right now, nobody's a better line-backer than Mike Curtis. You hear me? Nobody!" (John Mackey), "...a legend among his peers..." (Bubba Smith) and, "Mike eats the puns right out of the bus windows on the way to practice. He chews the face bars off his helmet!" (Billy Ray Smith). The point is to convince advertisers that Mike Curtis has what

it takes to sell shaving cream, hair spray or sweeteners. Tough game, modeling.

A former maid of Jacqueline Onassis has reported in a German newspaper that Caroline's Pekingese was in the habit of relieving himself upon the Persian carpets. The carpets, she says, got pretty smelly, but Mrs. O was not about to have them cleaned at \$1,300 per puddle. Question. In the world of dog fanciers is Jackie finally out up on Queen Elizabeth, who merely feeds her Corgis with a silver spoon?

Cleveland's Mayor Carl Stokes last week welcomed the U.S. and West German Davis Cup teams to Cleveland and confided at a luncheon for them that "the undisclosed member of the U.S. doubles team is not me. I couldn't play with them, they're all amateurs." Actually, His Honor has been playing lately for money, a lot of it. He and his executive secretary, John Little, are taking on local challengers around the city's tennis courts to help promote an \$18-million recreation bond issue. They are doing very well, too, though Little recently smashed a ball that hit his boss smoothly. The Mayor's only exclamation was a sharp cry of "Agnew!" but, of course, in some political circles that's a pretty dirty word.

• "I think I'm what everybody should look like, if everybody had the time to train for it," says ex-Let Lineman Mike Katz, at present working toward the Mr. America title. "And *worried* to look that way," he adds politely, which should make Sophia Loren and Elizabeth Taylor feel better.

Japan's golf-loving premier, Eisaku Sato, sometimes swings like he's lifting snakes—and so do his bodyguards. Sato plays on

a course west of Tokyo that is infested with vipers, so his guards carry, among other things, a viper stick. This is for pinning down any snake that jumps the premier while he is burning his bell in the rough. Should the viper stick fail, the nearest bodyguard is supposed to fling himself upon the snake and take the bite—quietly, it is presumed, so as not to disturb the premier's backswing.

Not in the running for automobile buff of the year award is Actor Michael Cuine, who explains his purchase of a 1970 Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow as follows: "It isn't that I'm interested in driving. I'm interested in not walking."

ADD LIPS

Football: As everyone knows, Pat Barco Padrikas, in her debut with the Orlando Panthers, got smacked by the Bridgeport Jets when she fumbled her first snap from center. "I'm out here trying to make a living and she's trying to make a folly of a man's game. I tried to take her head off," fumed 235-pound Wally Florence, a Jets linebacker.



Florence (a linebacker named Florence?) failed, and Pat has held for four out of five successful extra points in three games. Perhaps more important, in the midst of Women's Liberation Week she was called to the attention of NOW (National Organization for Women). Asked whether Pat's roughing up represented a step forward in the struggle for equality, a spokeswoman said, "Well, thank goodness she wasn't hurt. It could have been very serious. You know," she added gently, "they'll use *Anti-Alice* against us."

Track: NOW hear this. Actress Elke Sommer is so fit, says husband Joe Hyams, that she runs the mile in 6:12. This cold fact appears—along with Elke in the nude—in the current *Playboy*. Since pictures and text are by husband Hyams, obedient wife Elke is this week's champion in the least libbed league.

Baseball: In honor of women's strike day the *Baltimore Evening Sun* assigned Reporter Sharon Dickman to cover an Orioles-Oakland game. Sharon found the players "really frank," e.g., *Elke Hendricks* on women in baseball: "I don't ever tag anyone hard, but I might try to hurt a woman if she was sliding in high. There ain't no way that I'm going to make beds."

Fishing: General Jimmy Doolittle, trolling for salmon off Westport, Wash. with some other Congressional Medal of Honor winners (including Joe Foss), was the first to take his limit. He tried to relay the exciting news to Mrs. Doolittle by radiophone. Mrs. Doolittle interrupted to say, "The man hasn't been here yet to fix the washer and dryer." Time to get ashore, General.

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Leading man without a voice

Organist Gary Abbott, hidden away in his County Stadium cranny, knocked out *Harper Valley P.T.A.*, and Tommy Harper strode determinedly to the plate and took his stance—well back, snugly crouched and angled slightly toward the right of second base. The Brewer who brought big-league respectability back to Milwaukee was ready to show what can happen when all the good things a man has learned in seven disparate years are finally put together.

Tommy Harper, at 29, is quiet, introspective and overlooked. He has emerged as the most productive leadoff batter in baseball, better than Minnesota's Cesar Tovar, Cincinnati's Pete Rose and the Mets' Tommie Agee. They have reputations. Harper has none. But this season Harper has hit for average (.300) and power (26 home runs) and flashed the kind of speed (31 stolen bases, 32 doubles) he had last year when he stuffed his size 10 feet into size 8½ shoes—for speed—and stole more bases (73) than any American-Leaguer in more than half a century. He very well could become the fifth major-leaguer ever to total more than 30 home runs and 30 stolen bases in a single year. Willie Mays accomplished the feat twice, in 1956 and

1957. Henry Aaron (1963), Bobby Bonds (1969) and Ken Williams of the St. Louis Browns (1922) are the others.

To Baltimore Oriole Pitcher Jim Palmer, the combined virtues—and terror—of Harper's speed and power are obvious. "If you put it over the plate he can hit it out," he says. "If you pitch him loose and walk him you know he'll steal second." Always admired for his quickness—he has stolen home on fast-baller Sam McDowell and once scored on a pop foul between third and home—Harper has had troubles with the bat. Over the last three seasons he averaged only .228. Frank Robinson, a teammate when Harper came up with Cincinnati in 1963, believes he would have come along much sooner "had he been left alone to develop and not moved around so much." Robinson considers Harper an excellent outfielder, but Harper has had to play every outfield and infield position but first base during a career that has taken him to four cities in the last four years. Harper thinks that playing regularly at last has helped him, but the real change, he believes, was brought about by his sudden aggressiveness at the plate, where he now takes his swings instead of waiting

out a walk. "If you get your hits everything else will come," he says. "That's why a leadoff man shouldn't waste his first at bat. Before a game I start psyching myself just so I'll be ready for that first time up. I don't want to be interviewed, and I don't want to talk to anybody. I just want to be ready."

Self-psyching Harper has led off with home runs six times this season, and the silence has been reverberating, which is partly of Harper's doing. He shuns autograph seekers and personal appearances. "I don't enjoy notoriety," he says. "Last year it nearly drove me crazy the way people kept asking questions, like did I think I'd break the base-stealing record."

A measure of Harper's success in ducking fame was dashed up by an 11-year-old Brewer fan last week. "Tommy is our best player," he said enthusiastically. "But Ted Kubiak is my favorite." And that is all right with Tommy Harper, whose feet and bat do his talking.

THE WEEK

by PETER GARRY

AL EAST Dave McNally and Mike Cuellar of Baltimore became the American League's first 20-game winners. McNally, who has now won 20 or more games in three consecutive seasons, took his big victory with a 5-1 performance over the Athletics. Cuellar also made it 20 against the A's, beating them 6-4 despite giving up 10 hits as Frank Robinson broke out of a home-run slump—with two blasts of over 400 feet—to keep Cuellar in the game. New York ran off a four-game winning streak, all because of tight pitching. Left-hander Fritz Peterson won twice, once with 1½ innings of scoreless relief in a 2-1 victory over the Royals and then with a three-hit shutout of the Twins. Stan Bahnsen preceded Peterson's blanking with one of his own, a five-hit, 3-0 win over the Royals, and Mike Kekich finished the string by pitching another five-hitter for a 2-1 victory against the Twins. Detroit's Denny McLain was suspended again. This time the Tiger management nailed him for an indefinite period—not to exceed 30 days—after he poured ice water on two home-town sportswriters. McLain's two cold showers could cost him fully a third as much in missed salary as the 90-day put-down meted out earlier this season by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for his in-

continued



IN A RARE PUBLIC APPEARANCE QUIET BREWER TOMMY HARPER TEACHES YOUNG KIDS

Authentic.

This is "The MacNab," Raeburn's famous portrait of the 12th Laird of the MacNab Clan, the one to which the makers of Dewar's "White Label" belong. Some of the whisky in Dewar's "White Label" continues to come from pot stills near Glendochart, home of the MacNab Clan since the 12th century.



Dewar House, Haymarket, London, S.W. 1, opened in 1908. Lots of interesting things here. Famous paintings like "The MacNab," and "Thin Red Line." The Chantry Bust of Sir Walter Scott. And the worn, bescribbled tavern table on which Robert Burns wrote many of his poems.



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The "Fair City of Perth." Nothing much ever changes. The ships still come up the Firth of Tay to Perth.

The people are durable and warmhearted. And the

whiskies that go into the making of Dewar's "White Label" be racked in aging sheds, sleeping the sleep of tranquility. It's a very easy place to make a Scotch of authentic character.



**Dewar's
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The facts in this advertisement have been authenticated by the management of John Dewar & Sons, Ltd., Perth, Scotland.

Business and Business Week have come a long way together.

Our first issue was Sept. 7, 1929. You should see it.

The very first ad in the book was for International Business Machines. Compared to what they make today, those machines now look like museum pieces. Interesting, how business has changed.

Interesting too is how perceptive our editors were in that first issue. In the initial Business Outlook feature they said about the market: "Security speculation has eaten nearly all of its credit cake. Stock prices are generally out of line with safe earnings expectations, and the market is now almost wholly psychological—irregular, unsteady and properly apprehensive of the inevitable

readjustment that draws near."

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In fact, we reach top people so effectively, for 33 consecutive years we've carried more advertising pages than any other business magazine.

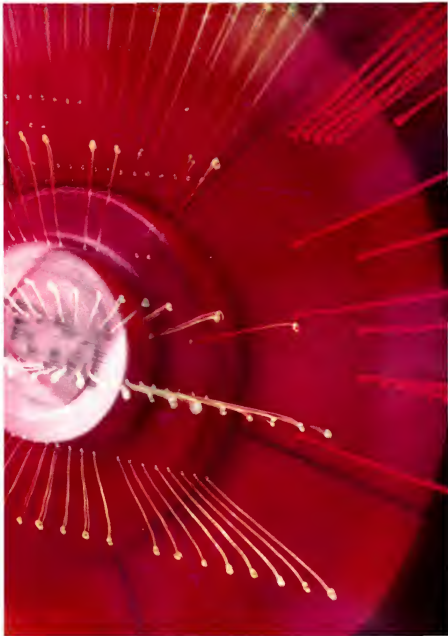
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Business Week

ADVERTISING





(A fateful fragment from the **MONEY** file of frustrating cases)

MONEY MAN: Sir, you are the Juan Ponce de Leon who accompanied Chris Columbus on his 2nd voyage?

PONCE: The very same. But why?

MONEY MAN: It was Chris who suggested I see you. He felt that once you discovered the many fine benefits of a **MONEY** life policy, you'd surely join our illustrious policyholders. (Ed. Note: Over 1,075,000 of them by 1970.)

PONCE: Always thinking of discoveries, that man. Good at it, too. But not as smart as me. I'm going to make the greatest discovery of all time—the Fountain of Youth. And I'll live forever!

MONEY MAN: Really? Then a **MONEY** retirement plan would be ideal. Accord-

ing to my information, you're going to discover Florida. Think of those care-free, sunfilled hours in Miami Beach or St. Petersburg. Bocce, shuffleboard, canasta.

PONCE: Who needs to prepare for retirement when he can expect eternal youth? Shuffleboard, indeed! Not for Ponce de Leon! I'm taking up football!

Ed. Note: Poor Ponce. History records that not only did he fail to discover the Fountain of Youth, but he was completely passed over in the 1499 football draft. Wounded by Indians in Florida, he died in 1521, having had neither the joys of retirement nor the satisfaction of knowing his loved ones were provided for. Which leads us to our moral.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from **MONEY**.

MONEY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

volverment in gambling operations. For the second time in 10 days, Boston was shocked by the usually timid White Sox with a big inning. On Aug. 19, the Red Sox were jailed for an 11-run ninth inning by the Chicanos. Last week the Red Sox were ahead 7-1 when the White Sox exploded for eight runs in the sixth inning. CLEVELAND's Roy Foster, who's Yank Thurman Munson's top rival for Rookie of the Year, gained support by hitting four home runs. He now has 19 for the season. Frank Howard of WASHINGTON was on a hot streak, too. He hit a home run, two doubles and a single to drive across five runs in a game against the Royals. The spree raised Howard's average to .294, moved him within one of the home-run lead, with 37, and increased his league-leading RBI total to 107.

BALTY 65-47 NY 74-58 DET 66-82
BOS 67-63 CLE 64-66 WASH 82-60

AL WEST

MINNESOTA, still slumping, hit only two home runs for the week and saw its lead shrink to three games. The Twins' troubles would have been worse had it not been for the brilliant pitching of 19-year-old rookie Bert Blyleven and the gritty work of another newcomer, Bill Zepp. Blyleven ended a team string of three consecutive losses when he threw the fourth complete game and the first shutout of his brief big-league career, defeating the Red Sox 7-0. Zepp later helped to halt a two-game relapse by merely surviving six innings against the Yankees. He allowed nine hits and twice loaded the bases but left the game without giving up a run as the Twins won 3-1. CALIFORNIA's bullpen picked up four victories, two each by ace short reliever Ken Tatum and former top starter Andy Messersmith. Messersmith, whose injured ribs prevent him from working in the regular starting rotation, has now pitched 12½ innings in five relief appearances over the past two weeks. He has allowed one run, just five hits and has struck out 12 batters. The fireworks were over in OAKLAND. The Athletics prolonged their *torre* to six straight losses, and the local fire marshal, almost unnecessarily, told Owner Charles Finley to stop shooting off fireworks at the Coliseum. The explosives, which heralded the A's victories and home runs, were showing sparks on a nearby lumberyard which, like the Athletics' pennant hopes, threatened to go up in smoke. Two former Mets, Hawk Taylor and Amos Otis, drove in runs in KANSAS CITY's three victories, while a onetime Met minor-leaguer, Bernie Smith, won a game for SILVERSPRING. Smith's home run, his first at the big leagues, gave the Brewers a 4-2 10-inning edge over the Indians, but the rookie outfielder was disappointed when he heard that he had not hit off the Indians' Dean Chance. "Shucks," he said, "I thought I had hit my first homer off Dean Chance."

I'd never seen him before, he sure looked like him. I was sure that was him." Smith's actual victim was Dennis Higgins, who was also disappointed that Smith had not hit his homer off Chance. Lumbago, if not age, is getting to CHICAGO's Luis Aparicio, but not much. While he is forced to sleep on the floor these days without a pillow because of a stiff neck, he is still swinging loose. Never before a 300 hitter in his 14 years of major league ball, Aparicio was batting .314 last week, only four points off the league lead.

MINN 72-54 CAL 74-58 OAK 70-62
KC 61-81 MIL 60-83 CHI 66-66

NL EAST

Just as they have been all season, PITTSBURGH and NEW YORK (page 22) were unable—or, perhaps, unwilling—to win against Western Division teams. The Pirates dropped six in a row against the Padres and Giants to lower their record against the West to 32-40. Three of the losses were caused when the Bucs failed to take advantage of opportunities to win. In a 4-3 loss to the Padres the Pirates twice muffed easy double plays, and the next night Roberto Clemente took a called third strike with the bases loaded in the ninth inning and two out. The Bucs lost the game 2-1. Later, against the Giants, the Pirates led 9-2 through seven innings but finally lost the game in the 10th as four relievers failed to help the lead. The Mets were barely better, losing five of six to the Braves and Astros and dropping their record against the West to 33-39. Again the Easterners routinely turned down opportunities to win. An unfielded foul pop-up cost the Mets five unearned runs against the Braves, and the next night the defending champions allowed a 7-1 lead to slip away in the last three innings. Tom Seaver then pitched a three-hitter against the Astros but suffered his fourth consecutive loss when his teammates could score only one run. The following day in the Astrodome starting pitcher Gary Gentry permitted two runs to score on wild pitches in a game the Mets lost by one run in 10 innings. Those lapses allowed CHICAGO to take second as the Cubs' pitching—led by Milt Pappas, who threw his sixth complete game and eighth victory since joining them in June—suddenly looked like the strongest among the contenders. The leaders' slumps also allowed St. Louis to move back into contention. Bob Gibson, the most effective pitcher in the league, ran his record to 19-5. Rookie Jerry Reuss added a two-hit shutout over the Dodgers, and two days later the Cards were only 3½ games out of first after a 2-1 victory against L.A. Earlier Vic Davalillo tied a league record for pinch hits in a season (27) when he drove in the tying run with a clutch triple in a 3-2 win. There were even faint hopes alive in PHOENIX where onetime 20-game winner Chris Short has started drinking hard liquor

and has helped his team move to within 7½ games. Short used to drink beer, sometimes seven or eight bottles of it a day, but he recently switched to bourbon to cut down his calorie count. Short lost 10 pounds in 17 days and, with a 5-2 victory over the Braves last week, proved his fastball is back to 100 mph. MONTRÉAL beat Cincinnati twice, on Boots Day's 10th inning single and a bases-loaded single by John Boccabella.

PITT 70-82 CHI 66-64 NY 67-66
ST. L. 64-66 PHIL 60-70 MONT 67-76

NL WEST

CINCINNATI's Machine was developing a Big Red face as it played without fire, and the early-season runaway days became only sweet memories. The Reds have won only as many games as they have lost since the All-Star Game, and last week was no exception. They were defeated twice in extra innings, and their two victories were one-run squeakers. Jim Merritt became the National League's first 20-game winner by a 6-5 score over the Phillies, while Lee May's two-run, 11th-inning homer provided the deciding run in a 4-3 victory against the Expos. LOS ANGELES' Dodgers, continuing as the surprise hitters in other leagues, trailed the Reds by only .002 in the team batting race and crushed former Brooklyn Outfielder Duce Walker, now the team's full-time hitting coach, with their high estate. "Duce tells you little things," says Outfielder Bill Russell. "For example, on a high pitch he tells me I'm not raising my arms properly. On low pitches, I don't bend my knees enough." Those little things have added up to something big. As a team, the young Dodgers are hitting 18 points higher this year than they did in 1969. With the best record in the league since mid-July SAN FRANCISCO is making its annual grab for second place, where it has finished in each of the past five seasons. Last week the Giants edged within four games of the Dodgers as Juan Marichal pitched his sixth straight win and the 200th of his big-league career. Henry Aaron picked a clutch situation to break a two-week span in which he had failed to hit a home run. He clubbed a 3-2 pitch in the ninth inning against the Mets to drive in the winning runs of a 9-7 victory. JUSTICE's Wade Blasingame saved a similarly dramatic performance for the Mets, beating them 2-1 on four hits. Blasingame's major league record is only 36-37, but he is 9-0 against the Mets, and his last three major league wins—his only victories for the past three years—have been against them. SAN DIEGO swept a two-game series with the Pirates as infielders Dave Campbell and Ed Sprague drove in the winning runs.

CIN 66-66 LA 72-56 SF 66-62
ATL 65-87 HOU 63-70 SD 56-82

The dregs in the dullest cup

Once a premier event, the Davis Cup is now in a lower class by itself. The Challenge Round was last week, only, as usual, it was no challenge

Each year, it is said to report, the once eminent Davis Cup matches have become more a candidate for an obit column than the eagerly awaited climax to the tennis year. In steamy Cleveland last week all hands were zealously pounding nails into the coffin lid as if they could hardly wait for the corpse to cool before stuffing it underground. Early on in practice Arthur Ashe, the only player still involved in the competition with sufficient gate appeal to cause even a flutter of activity at the ticket window, announced that in all probability this would be his last appearance in what has become a hypocritical shadow of its former self.

"Unless the cup is opened up to the contract professionals," said Ashe, an independent operator who has earned a tidy \$60,000 in prize money on the ten-

nis tour this season, "it will be the last time I play. The Davis Cup is one of the biggest names in tennis. Therefore the best players in the world should be playing in the matches."

Dwight Davis Jr., whose father presented the cup in 1900, was having none of that. The contract pros such as Rod Laver, John Newcombe and Tony Roche were all right in their place, but that place was not in a Davis Cup match.

"When my father put up the cup," said Davis, "it was a spirit of competition he was seeking; it was to spread the game among amateurs and sportsmen of all nations. If the contract pros were allowed in, it would just be the U.S. versus Australia every year. No other countries have the contract pros capable of winning a Davis Cup match. If that happened, I'd retire the cup." Con-

sidering what happened on the court last week, as the U.S. swept West Germany in the Challenge Round, the patient may be dead before he can be retired. A capacity first-day crowd of 7,500, perched on temporary stands constructed in the backyard of Roxboro Junior High School in suburban Cleveland Heights, saw this year's contest wrapped up virtually as soon as it started.

Not since the pre-World War II days of long white-flannel trousers and Baron Gottfried von Cramm has Germany been exactly a force to be reckoned with in world tennis. It was a bit of a miracle that the Germans made it to Cleveland even this year, as they had to rely almost solely on the services of a couple of 31-year-old businessmen who are seldom seen outside the Ruhr Valley, let alone on the international circuit.

The Germans' best player was a lefty named Christian Kuhnke, a limber, rangy attorney who possesses a big serve, a strong volley and the retiring habits of a hermit. Christian doesn't like interviews or cocktail parties. Despite this gross failing, Kuhnke had managed to win 15 of his 16 matches while Germany was making its surprising way past six other nations to the Challenge Round. Outside of these Davis Cup eliminations, however, his only victory of note came in the Kingston, Jamaica International in April.

Kuhnke's partner, Wilhelm Bungert, is only slightly better known. Bungert was the losing finalist at the last all-amateur Wimbledon in 1967 but has been barely seen in big-time tennis circles since, preferring to expend his energies on the sporting goods business he owns in Düsseldorf, just a few kilometers up the Autobahn from Kuhnke's home town of Cologne.

The ultimate result was therefore thoroughly predictable, despite some wishful prematch chatter about an upset that was generated by U.S. Captain Ed Turville's choice of Cliff Richey to back up Ashe in the first day's two singles matches. There had been powerful sentiment among the cognoscenti in favor of going instead with blond, gangling Stan Smith, ranked No. 1 in the U.S. Richey, however, has been on a fitness bend-

continued



WEEKEND PLAYERS KUHNKE AND BUNGERT COULDN'T EVEN WIN A SET ON THE WEEKEND

Just what does gas in cigarette smoke taste like?



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Quality has always been the watchword at the castle. We still draw our limestone water from the spring that Col. Taylor discovered. Still tend our mash as tenderly as he did.



Still use the same costly small grains he insisted upon.



Many people tried to copy Old Taylor. Finally, an angry Col. Taylor started signing every bottle (even changed the color of his label to a distinctive yellow) to foil would-be imitators. It's still our guarantee you're getting the genuine article.

Old Taylor. What the label can't tell you, the flavor can.

er for some months, has almost been able to keep his temper under control and has won three tournaments this year, including the National Clay Courts, and a total of \$48,500 in prize money.

In addition, the stubby Texan's rather fierce competitive instincts were alerted further by the German reaction to his being chosen over Smith. "We're pleased with Richey's selection," grinned the challenging team's assistant captain, Ingo Buding, when the draw was announced. "In a close competition any slight advantage is important and Cliff is temperamental." Australian pro Fred Stolle, who had been signed on to coach and work out with the Germans, put it more succinctly. "They should have picked Smith," he said.

The German team may have also hurt its chances by taking a curiously casual approach to prematch preparations. As it was last year, when the U.S. white-washed Rumania 5-0, the Challenge Round was held on an asphalt court covered with a green, waterproof paint. To tune themselves in to the court's fast surface, the U.S. team had been in town for two weeks. The German squad drifted in from a Nassau holiday, in time for only four days of practice.

Their lack of preparation showed from the start of the opening match in which Bungert met Ashe. Arthur required just 19 minutes to win the first set 6-2, then swept the remaining two sets, 10-8, 6-2. Wilhelm can be a deceptively indolent player who seldom comes to the net and often appears to be dozing on court, or perhaps mulling over the inventory of the store back home in Dusseldorf. "But," warned Ashe as he readied for the match, "he can look like that and still blow you off the court."

Not this time. Ashe broke the German's second service of the opening set after taking him to duce, then broke him again immediately with the aid of two Bungert double faults. In the second set Bungert started putting a little steam into his serve, kept the ball on Ashe's forehand, his weakest side, and held service until the 17th game, when he was broken at love. The final set required only 16 minutes. Ashe ran off the last five games against a tiring Bungert with the loss of just four points.

"Was I tense?" Ashe asked following his decisive victory. "I'm still tense and I'll be tense until it's three-nothing our

favor tomorrow. Then I'll go out and get drunk." Somehow Arthur seemed too cool to be believed. Only his prediction of the score carried conviction.

Richey was all furious determination when he took the court against Kuhnke after Ashe had dispatched Bungert. Obviously out to make Captain Turville's choice look good, he broke Kuhnke's first service and ran out the opening set 6-3. "I enjoy being put down by the other guy before a match," Richey said later. "It makes you try harder."

Trying harder, Richey bounced all around the court, making one incredible

So if the Davis Cup is to be buried soon, at least it will be laid to rest in U.S. soil, where it was born 70 years ago. What could save it from such a melancholy end may be nothing more than a new format, possibly a tennis version of the world team championships that now take place regularly in professional and amateur golf. The zonal eliminations could continue in their present form, except that all players—contract pros, independent pros, amateurs—would be eligible to compete. The object would be to come up with a workable number of, say, eight finalist nations. These eight



INTENSE AND INSULTED, RICHEY PROVED TO BE A WORTHY CHOICE IN THE SINGLES

retrieve after another. He kept the pressure on his left-handed opponent's weak backhand with a soft, high-kicking spin service, which he followed rapidly to the net, winning point after point with devastatingly angled volleys. Richey won the second set 6-4, came back with six straight games to take the third set 6-2, scoring match point with a sizzling service ace that thundered past the dazed Kuhnke's attempt at a forehand return.

"Just before match point," Richey said, "I couldn't help looking over into Fred Stolle's eyes. He looked a bit green."

No greener than the German doubles pair of Bungert and Kuhnke looked again the following day. Then the old, familiar twosome of Smith and Bob Lutz clinched the match in a brief 77 minutes with a lopsided 6-3, 7-5, 6-4 victory.

would assemble for a week or so at a single venue and play a round-robin tournament in which each country would play singles and doubles matches against every other finalist. Obviously, Australia and the U.S. would still dominate the competition, but certainly Davis' original concept of genuine, worldwide participation in the Davis Cup matches would still be upheld.

Almost any change would be an improvement. If the contract professionals are admitted to the present form of competition, the matches may dwindle down to a two-team exercise, for instance, but certainly that is better than the one-team formality in fashion today. Some imaginative thinking by the international Davis Cup committee is needed to keep the coffin lid from being nailed down tight.

END

Dow Jones came up with Nichols and dimes

Money talks, or so the Dow Jones corporation hoped. Looking for a way to make itself better known, the company sponsored the world's richest golf tournament—and dropped half a million dollars in the process

For maybe the first time ever, the golf pros last week were not complaining about anything. They all agreed that the Upper Montclair Country Club in Clifton, N.J., the site of the Dow Jones Open, was a super place, even though their No. 1 nemesis, Golf Course Architect Robert Trent Jones, designed it. The fairways, they said, weren't too squatty or too finzy or too long or too short but were absolutely perfect, the way fairways everywhere should be. When they three-putted or missed a two-footer they did not blame the ultrasharp greens or the spike marks in their line or a poorly cut cup. No, sir. They just hit a real bad putt, that's all, they would say.

What made the pros so uncharacteristically agreeable was the fact that they were playing for an all time record purse of \$300,000. Dow Jones, which is a \$120 million corporation, not just the computer of Wall Street stock averages, had put up the prize money—in cash, not stocks—and the winner got \$60,000. In every sense the Dow Jones was the richest professional golf tournament ever played—supplanting the \$250,000 Westchester Classic, which offers only \$50,000 to the winner.

Considering the financial climate on Wall Street, it is amazing that Dow Jones plunged so heavily on golf. A \$15,000 Monday pro-am contest, perhaps, but a \$300,000 monster? It was hard to believe. One glance at the company-issued stock average, which serves as a barometer of the country's daily financial condition, showed business was bad. The Dow average had dropped to a seven-year low of 631 on May 26, and although it had climbed to 760 by the time the tournament began last Thursday, few people on Wall Street were acting bullish. The company's own stock, which is traded over the counter, has been in decline, too, dropping from a 1969 high of \$70 per share to slightly under \$27 last week.

However, the idea for a Dow-sponsored tournament started in the summer of 1968, when market conditions were considerably better than they are right now. "I think if the idea was generated today," admitted Edgar A. Roll of Dow Jones, the tournament chairman, "there probably would be much reluctance on the eighth floor, which is our executive suite. Even when we got the approval to have the tournament back in 1968, not everyone was sold on the idea." Roll, who played to a one-handicap when he was named tournament chairman but now is a four, always had strong support. William Kerby, the president of Dow Jones, and Buren H. McCormack, the executive vice-president, both spend their sporting hours playing golf.

Like other corporations who have gone into the golf-sponsoring business—Kaiser, Eastern Air Lines, Avco, Kemper Insurance, National Airlines, Monsanto—Dow Jones did not hope or expect to make money. "Normally, making a profit is our objective," Roll said. "But if making money was to be the reason for the Dow Jones golf tournament, then we never would have scheduled it." What Dow Jones and other corporations reckon on is the advertising value of such a venture.

"We had BBDO, one of our advertising agencies, conduct a Who-What-Why survey to find out what the public knew about Dow Jones," Roll said. "The results showed that there was little appreciation for what we were. People simply thought Dow Jones was stocks and bonds. They did not know that the company owns *The Wall Street Journal*, *Barron's*, *The National Observer* and three news services as well." The Dow Jones Open, then, would be one way to inform the public of the company's scope.

The tournament will cost Dow Jones about \$500,000, Roll said last week. "But I think that spending, or losing, \$500,000 on a golf tournament is chicken feed in terms of value," he maintained gamely.

The company did not plan on being out of pocket that much. It had budgeted \$900,000 for the event and estimated that it would recover \$719,000 of that in revenue with an expected loss of \$181,000. Figuring that would not be too bad, Dow Jones spent an additional \$310,000 to advertise the company on the national television broadcast of its own golf tournament.

"When the figures got around the office," Roll said, "the first thing some people asked was, 'What's it going to do to my profit sharing?'" An optimistic man, he laughed. "When they see the net result of what this tournament means to Dow Jones," he said, "they'll be disappointed they did not get into the action. This tournament will make Dow Jones' name much better known to the American public. As things are, some people confuse us with Dow Chemical. And it has been a great thing for our advertising customers who have had a chance to meet the players. You can't place a price on that."

Corporate sponsorship of tournaments seems to be the new trend on the PGA tour. Indeed, it is not difficult to imagine, say, the 1975 tour having about 20 \$300,000-or-more events. "We have a number of large companies that want to have golf tournaments," said Tour Commissioner Joseph C. Dey. The problem, though, is television. Corporations do not want to "lose" \$500,000 on a golf tournament unless the tournament is on national television. The television people, meanwhile, say they are having more trouble selling time on golf telecasts than any other sport. "It is simply not a good buy for an advertiser," said Chet Simmons, director of NBC sports. ABC will telecast at least 12 tournaments nationally in 1971, but it loses money on golf, even though it televises three of the four major professional championships, and urges its sponsors to buy an advertising package that includes several tournaments, not

just the three prestige events. "We try to make them take a little run with their Scotch," explained ABC's Chuck Howard.

There is a chance that the current involvement of big business in golf might end suddenly—after all, companies must consider sponsorship worth their while. If tournaments suddenly find themselves without corporate backers to put up the \$200,000-\$300,000 purses, they may be forced to fold—who is going to play in (or watch) a little, old \$125,000 tournament anymore?

But last week, on the sprawling Upper Merionclaire course, golf investors were still gloriously optimistic and the market in golf futures seemed brisk. The first three days some 40,000 fans turned out, paying \$7 admission daily, and they were still crowding the course on Sunday, though Palmer and Player and Casper were by then out of it. Jack Nicklaus started the final round just three shots off the pace but he, too, dropped out of contention. As it grew late on Sunday

afternoon, Bobby Nichols, Labron Harris and Dan Sikes were tied for the lead at 10 under par. But Sikes gave way at the par-4 16th, bogeying the hole after leaving an approach shot in a bunker. It now became a struggle between old pro Nichols, 34, winner of a PGA Championship and seven other tournaments, and 28-year-old Harris, whom everybody calls Junior, a former U.S. Amateur champion but a relative unknown and a non-winner on the pro tour. (His father, Labron Sr. is the golf coach at Oklahoma State.)

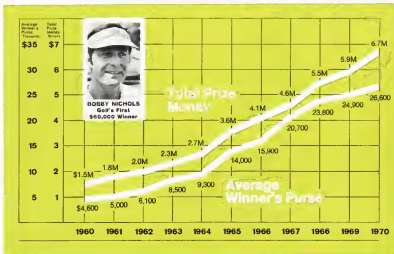
After a fine drive at 16, Nichols played a perfect pitching wedge to the green, dropping the ball two feet past the hole. He sank the putt for his birdie and took a one-stroke lead. On 17 Nichols lagged a 55-foot approach putt to within 18 inches and made his par-3. Almost immediately he heard a roar at 18. Junior had made a birdie 4 on the 600-yard finishing hole, ramming in a 10-footer from the edge of the green. The two players were tied once again. Nichols drove

down the middle on the final hole, then caught a three wood a little fat, and the ball stopped on the right edge of the fairway about 30 yards from the pin. His pitch shot, played nervously, was 14 feet short of the hole. If Nichols made the putt he would win the \$60,000; if he missed and lost the sudden-death play-off to Harris, he would collect only \$34,200. He studied the line and finally he stroked the putt—"the ball felt like chewing gum on my putter head," he said later. Nichols watched as the ball rolled toward the cup, sure it would scoop short. It did, for an instant, but then with a one last slow-motion turn it fell in. For Nichols it was his first victory in two years. Last year he gave up the tour as a steady job, signing on as head professional at the Firestone Country Club in Akron. He now plays in only about half the PGA tournaments. "I found a gold mine at Firestone," he said after his victory, "and I'm not going to leave it." But Clifton wasn't a bad place for panning gold either.

THE SPORT'S HAPPY INFLATION

Since professional golf became a glamour issue with the emergence of Arnold Palmer in 1960, the total prize money offered on the tour and

the average winner's purse have climbed remarkably. In the decade, each has more than quadrupled, as the Big Board below indicates.





As Horacio Iglesias (above) will testify, marathon swimming just doesn't pay, but it's steady work

How to make a slow buck

Once they were America's idols, the marathon swimmers. Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel and only Lindbergh matched her ticker-tape up Broadway, and when George Young made it from Catalina Island, William Wrigley Jr. paid him \$25,000 for his pains, which were considerable. Ah, what whacky, romantic times, the '20s! But times changed. Safer sports proliferated. Swimming prizes shrank. Too many people swam the Channel, and last September 24, when a New York cop named Tom Hetzel made crossing No. 213, he rushed to place a transatlantic call. "I made it! I did the Channel!" he screamed. "Yes, I heard it on the radio," his father replied, "but wait till you hear this: the Mets just won the pennant!"

Truly, how really care about the marathon swimmer anymore, and though the Channel is still his Mecca, enduring

it is about his only reward. For money he enters races, but even the best in the world rarely makes \$10,000 in a year. No professional athlete works harder for less return. No distance runner knows his loneliness. His hours in the water are endless—10, 15, sometimes all day and night. He is as dependent on periodic feedings as an infant, but between them his trainer's boat might as well be in another ocean. His ears are plugged and his goggles are fogged. Nausea torments him. If he touches the boat he is disqualified. If he gets a cramp and stops moving he sinks. Backing tides, he swims for hours and gets nowhere. Clearly he is mad. And in a few countries, not the U.S., but Canada, Egypt and Argentina, he is a hero.

The World Professional Marathon Swimming Federation, clearing house for the sport, sanctioned eight swims this year—four in Canada, two in Europe, one in Lebanon and a 26½-mile in Newport, R.I. last month. As usual, accommodations rated less than four stars. In Newport, the swimmers were boarded in an old ark of a college dorm, and they tolerated sleeping 11 to a room, with no blankets; but one day's menu of oatmeal for breakfast, rice for lunch and spaghetti for dinner was cause for grumbling in four languages. It was a group of somewhat more eccentricity than, say, the American Library Association, and in this respect the U.S. swimmers were supreme. Our best marathoner is Dennis Matuch (rhymes with Heine Manush), a hulking 28-year-old Cicero, Ill. swimming instructor who was No. 3 in the world last year. He made \$3,000. His hobby is collecting horror comic books. *Eerie* and *Creepy* comics are his favorites. "If you ever have trouble with a vampire or a werewolf, call me," he told everyone at Newport. "I know how to get rid of them."

Reginald Huffstetler (his mother named him for the actor Reginald Denney), a drawing, 35-year-old fireman from Charlotte, N.C., just smiled. "Moon," they call him, for his big round face, or "the Catawba Catfish," because since childhood he has been jumping into the snake-infested Catawba River for swims of 10, 15 and 20 miles. "My lifelong dream is to swim the English Channel," he said, "and this fall I'm planning to go. No one in the South's ever done anything like that."

It was only the sixth competition for

Moon, but he had already learned a few things. Last year Tom Hetzel swam up beside him in a Canadian lake. "Hi, Moon, what're you eating?" he asked. "Peanut butter and Gatorade," Moon replied. "You're going to kill yourself," Hetzel said. "I know," Moon said. "I don't feel so good." A few minutes later he was on the hospital boat. All night they pumped glucose into him. He hadn't known that during races swimmers need carbohydrates and consume honey and Coca-Cola. Last week Hetzel himself had food problems. Someone forgot to put the proper food in his boat before a race at Chicoutimi, Quebec, and since nobody aboard understood English his anguished pleadings bore no fruit—or sugars. He, too, wound up in the hospital.

Soon the swimmers all would suffer together. Now they joked and horsed around the dorm. Four Egyptians did a snake dance about the dining room, chanting a nationalistic song in Arabic. An Italian made an eye patch of a napkin, leaped to his feet and ran after them. "I am General Diyan," he screamed. An American coach turned to Holland's Johan Schans, 21, a Utrecht swimming instructor. "You know those fish traps we'll be swimming by," he said. "That's where the sharks congregate." Schans looked stricken. "Schans," his coach said, "you know the word bullbleep?" He obviously did because he broke into a grin. "Look at Schans," Matuch said, "the only guy in the world whose face is three-quarters teeth." Schans hadn't been smiling much that day. The swimmers had lunched on a donated barrel of whiting—edible but the cheapest of fish—which came out more raw than cooked. The only one who seemed to thrive on rare whiting was an Egyptian named Abdel Latif Abou-Heif, a former bodyguard to President Nasser. "Ah, but he is from another planet," Schans said of Abou-Heif.

Before a race some marathon swimmers eat little but honeyed tea. Some are too wound up to eat anything. Abou-Heif, however, has been known to gobble down four whole chickens. Three times he has swum the English Channel, three times he has been a world champion, and in Egypt, where marathon swimming is the national sport, there is not only an Abou-Heif Street but an Abou-Heif Beach, and he is known as "the Crocodile of the Nile." "No matter how long the race," said Dennis Matuch, "Abou-

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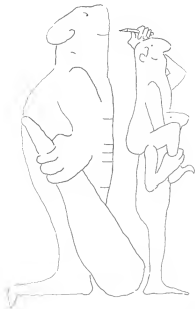
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CORPORATION**

Heif always manages to finish strong."

Many of the swimmers whispered about a delightful little man from Peekskill, N.Y. named Ralph Willard. He, too, had a big smile, but a bigger belly; he was 56 years old, and all he talked of was the race. He said he was entered, and everyone humored him.

It seemed the only quiet ones were Schans and his main competitor, a 28-year-old Argentine engineer named Horacio Bernardo Guillermo Iglesias. Last year he was world champion. Back home they call him "Dorado," for a great South American game fish. "It is like a kind of drug, this swimming," he said. "It hurts, but you don't want to stop. Maybe it is pride. If the others stay, you stay." He appeared thoughtful, smiled wanly and pointed to his head. "You will find in every marathon swimmer something wrong up here," he said.

The eve of the race was devoted to worry and preparations. A sign painter volunteered to paint the numbers on the swimmers' backs. Several marathoners snaffled the can of paint before getting in line. Last year, before a 24-hour race in La Tuque, Quebec, an acid-based paint was used, and backs were bubbling all the way round Lake St. Louis. New York's Benson Huggard still showed the faint outline of a 2 between his shoulder blades. He is known as "Deuce."

A number of swimmers worried about tides. Newport is at the southern tip of Rhode Island, for which the state is named, and the first 15 miles of the race would be down the tidal Sakonnet River, which bathes the island's east shore. Unfortunately, coming downriver the swimmers would meet an incoming tide, and no one was very happy about it. Now they cached their food in cartons: Coke, honey, powdered glucose, jelly beans. Chewing jelly beans promotes salivation, and this is vital because salt water can swell marathoners' tongues and constrict their throats, making breathing difficult. Horacio Iglesias' staple would be the pulp from four cans of peaches run through a blender. Breakfast was set for 3 a.m., and by 10 everyone was trying to sleep.

At 3 a.m. Tom Hetzel looked haggard. He had lain awake for well over an hour, periodically exclaiming: "Tomorrow I light the bull." Stella Taylor, a 32-year-old teacher of deaf children from Florida, and one of two women

entrants, was putting on lipstick and eye makeup. The night before she had put her hair up. "I always act as if I'm going to my funeral," she said. "I do better if I look my best."

The swimmers were silent. Some of them ate. Some didn't. Iglesias ate 12 unblended peach halves. A 23-year-old English swimmer named Geoffrey Lake ate 12 raw egg yolks beaten up with sugar. Soon all walked out in the cool dark and entered their bus.

Starting time was 6 a.m., and a couple hundred people were in Island Park in Portsmouth to watch. The swimmers coated their necks and underarms with grease to prevent chafing. Boats with signs numbered to identify their swimmers bobbed offshore. A helicopter deposited Governor Frank Light on the beach, perhaps to throw out the first ball of grease, and suddenly everyone was swimming.

A mile out, Iglesias was in the lead with Schans a few hundred yards behind. With 24 miles to go, Iglesias was swimming 80 strokes to the minute, and far to their rear the day's first tragedy occurred. A 45-year-old incinerator stoker named Maurice Zitonsky went to rinse his goggles, both lenses fell out and he had to quit. In his only previous swim he hadn't worn goggles, and he stepped after 9½ miles, nearly blinded by the salt water.

Halfway down the Sakonnet River the water was a warm 72°, to the chagrin of Matuch, who was far behind Iglesias and Schans. Unlike them, and most other modern marathoners, Matuch thrives in cold water. Twelve miles out and 4½ hours into the race, Schans swam to within 150 yards of Iglesias, but this was the closest he would come. Iglesias finished in 10:21:20, won the \$2,000 first prize and was now only a few points behind Schans in the world standings. Schans was second, 23 minutes back; he earned \$1,000. The tide had been so strong near the finish in Newport Harbor that the American's Cup yacht *Intrepid* was barely making headway under full sail. Iglesias had predicted his time as 10:10. He had studied the tide charts, he said, and started fast to beat the tide coming into the river. The others, with the exception of Schans, had been caught.

An Egyptian named Marwan Shediad won \$800 for third place, finishing in 11:25:25, but the greatest drama of the race was still unfolding. For 25 miles

and 11½ hours, Matuch, Abou-Heif and another Egyptian, Mohamed Hussein Ganesi, had swum neck and neck, stroke for stroke. They were half a mile at sea, not stopping for nourishment, plowing through clouds of jellyfish. Finally, Matuch's comment about Abou-Heif's staying power proved true. With half a mile to go, the Egyptian pulled away to finish fourth (\$600), in 11:51:56, one minute and 15 seconds ahead of Matuch, who earned \$400. Ganesi was sixth, in 11:57:56 (\$200). By the race's end, Matuch had drunk 18 bottles of Coke and 15 glasses of water.

And far behind, Ralph Willard, 56 and pot-bellied, was still in the water. He had been last from the start, and after an hour many thought he was through. After seven hours he was so far back that his boat crew begged him to get out. One of his crew even claimed to be having a heart attack. Finally, they motored off and left him. However, his son, who was also his trainer, leaped overboard and swam with him for an hour until a houseboat came along. A few hours and they wanted out, too, but Ralph Willard kept swimming. Marine radios throughout the area buzzed with the story. "He hasn't been fed for six hours," was one widespread report—an exaggeration. Finally, the race committee ordered him out. He wouldn't budge. He stayed in the water for 12 hours, until the race officially ended. He had swum 14 miles.

That night there was a farewell dinner for the swimmers, but few of them ate much. They sat around white-faced, telling each other how sick to their stomachs they'd been. Johan Schans had vomited five times. "You cannot imagine how it feels at the end," he said. "Like you haven't slept for three nights and had parties all the time." Some had experienced hallucinations. Moon Huffer saw the bottom in 90 feet of water before he quit at 18 miles. Stella Taylor kept seeing sharks. At the meal's end, a Newport city councilman announced the presentation of a little memento to the swimmers for their ordeal—a specially made ashtray. "What do you know," one swimmer said, "for once marathon swimming is getting some recognition." They filed up for their ashtrays. The ashtrays were decorated with a picture of a yacht. "America's Cup Race—Newport, R.I." the inscription read.

END

THE BIG DADDY OF SPORT

One of the most remarkable parties ever held for the autographing of books took place 10 years ago at the Cokesbury bookstore in Dallas. At most of these affairs the author is a rumpled, lonesome figure, more than a touch embarrassed, sitting at a table beside a placard announcing his noble work, miserably wondering whether anyone further is going to stop by and speak to him now that his mother, cousin, former roommate and publisher's representative have left and the clerks have ceased to pretend they are expecting to cope with a crowd.

For this Cokesbury party, however, several hundred people lined up on the sidewalk along the block among the downtown stores and office buildings. They waited with great patience, as if there were football tickets for sale inside. It was said then that only in Dallas would such a crowd have turned out for this particular event, but no doubt that was a prejudiced judgment. The author of the novel called *Alpaca* would have attracted a crowd in any city in the world where they use money as a reckoning of position.

Inside Cokesbury's, as the line approached the table where the author was smilingly signing his name on flyleaves of paperback copies of *Alpaca*, a sound could be heard. At first you thought it was . . . no, no, it couldn't be . . . yes, yes, it was . . . singing! Those two little girls, plump and sweet-faced, with ribbons in their hair, holding hands

H. L. Hunt, a likely winner in the race for world's richest man, was never much for fun and games, but two of his boys, Lamar (below) and Bunker, back their leisure-time interests with gushers of money
by EDWIN SHRAKE





BIG DADDY

continued

behind the author's chair, were singing:

How much is that book in the window,
The one my daddy wrote?

Although the tune was ripped from a sweetly sentimental song popular at the time, *That Doggie in the Window*, the author would beam and bob his head to the music and turn ghostly blue eyes toward the people who filed past to buy his book for 50¢. The author liked the way the little girls sang. They were his stepdaughters and the family would sing often in the evenings around the piano in the parlor—and, besides, the author himself had written these lyrics.

Alpaca is set in a romantically imagined country of the same name and is the story of a confusion of the hearts of Juan Achala and an opera star named Mara Hani. But it was not for its literary merit alone that people lined up to purchase the book and to have the author autograph their copies. For one thing, in Dallas they liked the ideas expressed in *Alpaca*—that matters of government could not be discussed on radio or television or at meetings of more than a few hundred, that extra votes should be awarded to citizens who built up fortunes, scored at the top of their class or declined to take money from the government. Perhaps most important to the book's appeal, the author of *Alpaca* was either the richest man in the world or was so close to it that nobody could say for sure.

Sitting there that day in Cokesbury's signing autographs, Haroldson Lafayette Hunt looked like, if not a deity, then at least a ranking angel, and, in any case, altogether unlike a beginning novelist at his first autographing party. At 71 he had the face of a cherub, with fine white hair and smooth, pink-baby skin. Only recently people had begun to hear about Hunt's youngest son, Lamar, then 27, who had thought up the American Football League and had got it moving against obstructions that maybe only a prince of an international financial kingdom would have dared oppose. But the old man had not previously offered a look at

himself to crowds in his home town.

Until 1948 few people in Texas or anywhere else knew about H. L. Hunt. That year *Life* magazine published a rather fuzzy photograph of Hunt on a sidewalk in Dallas, looking like an annoyed chiropractor on his way to the clinic, and in the caption proposed he might be the richest man in the world. The day the photo was taken Hunt thought the photographer was a street operator who was going to hand him a ticket offering six prints for a dollar. When Hunt didn't receive a ticket he figured the photographer was shooting the buildings in the background. Lamar saw the magazine and was startled—he hadn't realized his father was near to such a title. As a kid Lamar had thought a regular Saturday morning was to get a dollar from his mother and go stand in line at the Lakewood Theatre to see the *Perils of Nyoka* and later have a hamburger and milk shake. Though the old man didn't mention it to them, that photo caused considerable consternation to Lamar and his two closer brothers, Bunker and Herbert. They'd never paid much attention to money; no more would they be able to ignore it.

So is H. L. Hunt really the richest man in the world? J. Paul Getty, who is often said to be, says he would probably be richer than Hunt if position in wealthy corporations were the only consideration, but most of Getty's corporations are publicly owned, whereas Hunt and his large family own practically every piece of their businesses, and thus Hunt is the richer. And, of course, nobody knows where Howard Hughes ranks. All Hunt will say about it is, "If you know how rich you are, you aren't very rich."

After publication of the photograph in *Life* Hunt slowly emerged as a public person. He became known as a patron of *Facts Forum* and, later, *Life Line*—two means of presenting Hunt's fundamentalist, anti-Communist views to the people—and he began to write letters to the editor and to phone newspaper writers to issue lengthy warnings about the enemies of America. His appearance at Cokesbury's was somewhat

of a coming out. By that time Lamar was already in the newspapers daily with his new football league. Not that the father and the youngest son were in any sort of competition for publicity, of course; the old man had done very well without it.

H. L. Hunt had known nothing of Lamar's plans to form the AFL and did not approve once he found out. He thought pro football would be a flop in Texas and if Lamar felt he had to have a team, one could have been obtained a lot cheaper. Hunt's secretary, Juanita Edwards, recalls his reaction when newspapers called to tell him about the AFL: "He'd just discovered it a little while earlier and said he was a typical parent, never knowing what his kids were up to." There was a story that someone told H. L. Hunt that Lamar would lose a million dollars a year and the old man replied that if this were true, Lamar would go broke in 150 years. Both H. L. Hunt and Lamar deny such a thing was ever said. "The story is so good it ought to be true," says Lamar. "But I do know my dad thought I'd gotten a little silly."

H. L. Hunt's grandfather, Waddy Thorpe Hunt, was a Confederate cavalry leader who was called to the door of his farmhouse toward the end of the Civil War and shot to death by Quantrell's Raiders, according to a family history Hunt has had compiled. Hunt's father, after serving in the family cavalry, settled on a farm in Vandalia, Ill., where H.L. Jr. was born in 1889. Youngest of eight children, little Haroldson could read by age 3 and could beat the entire household at checkers by the time he was 5. He quit school in the fifth grade and later wandered down to Arkansas, where as a young man he made a fortune in cotton and timber and began to deal in oil leases. In 1930 a famous wildcatter, Dad Joiner, hit a discovery well, Daisy Bradford No. 3, in what became the East Texas field. Hunt had a hundred wells of his own by then, and he put all his money into buying leases to the east of the Daisy Bradford wells. That was the wrong side. The pool lay to the west.

continued



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CASUALS

BIG DADDY

continued

"I went into the oil business without knowing what I was doing, but pretty soon I recognized the structure of that East Texas field, and the big companies didn't," Hunt recalled recently. As he spoke, the old man was sitting in a wicker rocker on the front porch of his mansion in Dallas on a hot Sunday afternoon, wearing a gray plaid suit and a clip-on bow tie. Out before him the lawn sloped down to White Rock Lake, where sails of a regatta boomed across the water. Like Trimalchio, Hunt has a favorite dog, a little poodle named Muffin, which tiptoed up and down the porch giving out tiny yaps. "This was around Thanksgiving in 1930, not long after the stock-market crash, and there was no money available. But a clothing-store owner in Arkansas just loved to lend me money. I got \$30,000 from him, \$45,000 from some banks, and I bought out Dad Joiner as well as all the land I could get west of Daisy Bradford. I gave Joiner \$1.26 million in future production payments, first time anybody'd ever thought up a plan like that." Hunt used to be a shrewd and heavy gambler and a noted poker player, and for years it has been said around Dallas that he played poker for three days with Joiner in a locked hotel room before walking out with the leases. "Nonsense!" said Hunt. "I quit playing poker in 1921. Only played twice since. Never played any cards with Joiner. People claim I kept him in a room by duress, but he had a suite in the Baker Hotel and so did I. He could come and go as he pleased." The East Texas field, the largest in the world until the Middle East discoveries, was the springboard to Hunt's extraordinary fortune.

Chuckling at the mechanical-doll prancing of Muffin, the old man heaved himself out of his wicker rocker to lead a visitor on a tour of the grounds of his 10-acre estate, Mount Vernon, an outsize replica of George Washington's home. Always alert for a bargain, Hunt bought the house for \$69,000 in 1937 from an engineer who could no longer afford it. The whole place would fit in the flower garden of some of the estates of the wealthy on Long Island, but it

must be remembered that Hunt is with-in sight of downtown Dallas and that he does own a few million acres elsewhere.

Behind the house, Hunt pointed to the seven deer he keeps in a wire pen and then, moving slowly, he gestured toward the path that leads between the trees to the red-brick home next door where his oldest son, Haroldson Lafayette Hunt III, now lives. Hassie, as the old man calls him, is 52 and looks eerily like his father. At the age of 3 he accompanied the old man into the oil fields and by the time he was 20 he was a legend in the oil business. It was said that Hassie had a divining rod inside his head, that he could drive down a country road and smell oil where no one had ever dreamed of looking. One Hunt employee recalls overhearing the old man angrily lecturing to his assembled geophysicists one afternoon, "My son Hassie can find more oil with a road map than you so-called educated fellows can find with millions of dollars worth of equipment!"

"Hassie was the smartest thing ever to hit the oil business," Hunt said. "When he was 19 he emancipated himself from me and took a stake of \$181 and headed for Mississippi. He made a lot of money for himself, an awful lot. Hassie just knew things that there's no way anybody could know. I've got extrasensory perception myself, but Hassie had it stronger than anybody. He was such a brilliant boy that he scared people." Hunt looked toward Hassie's house and shook his head. "I made a terrible mistake with Hassie. He was a rugged boy and wanted to play football. But I wouldn't let him. Football players get kidney damage, and I didn't want Hassie hurt. As a boy I was a baseball fan, could recite hundreds of batting and pitching averages, knew 'em all. Hassie could have played baseball, but he didn't care for that. He went off to Culver Military Academy, where the discipline was too strict for a sensitive boy like him, and one day I found him boxing with Culver's best pugilist and giving that fellow all he could handle. Hassie needed a lot of action."

Hassie entered the Army in 1943, during a period when the Hunts were producing more oil than Germany and Japan combined. While going through officers' training at Fort Knox he had what the family calls "a nervous breakdown." Since that time he has been under almost constant medical care. Some say that Hassie is, ironically, still the richest of the Hunt sons. Leading his visitor into the dining room for lunch, the old man kept talking about Hassie. "With my other boys," he said, "I never was so strict as with Hassie. They could do what they wanted."

On Hunt's dining table were two telephones, a portable radio and a box of Kleenex. He began his meal by drinking a glass of carrot juice, a glass of grape juice and a glass of papaya-cranberry juice. Then he nibbled from a plate of mixed nuts and apricot seeds. "I intend to live to be 140, like the people in a certain tribe in the Himalayas, and one of their secrets is if you eat enough nuts you'll never get cancer," he said. At 81 Hunt is unwrinkled as a peach—which he attributes in part to the daily use of a body lotion cosmetic sold by one of his firms, but he is somewhat concerned that he is shrinking from his former six-foot height. "My grandmother lived to be 97 and kept getting smaller. When she died she was no higher than this table," he said. As the asparagus soup was set out—to be followed by roast beef, green beans, brown bread milled from uncracked wheat grown only in Deaf Smith County, Texas ("Never had a dentist in Deaf Smith County until an old dentist retired and moved there"), fruit salad, apricot cake and carrot cake—Hunt began to hum another tune he had written.

"In 1925 I had \$600,000 cash and decided to go to the Florida land boom," he said. His first wife, Lydia Bunker Hunt, who died in 1955, went with him on the trip and they detoured for their first visit to New York City. While there the Hunts saw *No, No, Nanette* and *Rose Marie* on Broadway. Inspired by the works of Youmans and Friml, Hunt wrote an operetta in Florida between land deals. "It's never been published,"

he said. "Never had the time. But I've published nine books of my own in the last few years, and now I think I'll have my light opera produced. It's a sentimental thing, I admit, but it's right pleasant. Listen." And in a small, quavery old voice he began to sing the major ballad of the piece: *Wherever Dreams Come True I'll Be with You*:

Up to the time I met you,
Life was as drab as can be . . .
Something was missing for me . . .
You are my love now forever,
If only in sweet reverie . . .

Growing up at the Dallas Mount Vernon was, Lamar remembers, a fairly relaxed and uneventful experience, at least until the world discovered H. L. Hunt. "They were pretty easy on us," Lamar says. "My mother used to say she'd spanked herself out on Hassie and didn't have any spanking left for me. I can remember hiding from my father one day because I knew when he came home he was going to teach me to swim, but I was afraid of swimming, not of him." When Lamar entered Southern Methodist University in Dallas it was no longer a secret that he might have the richest father in the world. Some of his football teammates called him Poor Boy, an unimaginative nickname that Lamar endured with good humor. In one way the nickname was appropriate. Lamar seldom has any cash in his pocket.

Not long after graduating from SMU, where his athletic labors had lifted him to the position of third-string end, Lamar tried to buy the Chicago Cardinals, a pro football team, at a time when pro football was as foreign to Texas as downhill ski racing. Curiously, Clint Murchison Jr., son of probably the second-richest man in Dallas, tried to buy the same team at about the same time. Earlier Murchison had tried to buy the old Dallas Texans, who moved to Baltimore and became the Colts, and had been brushed off by National Football League Commissioner Bert Bell. Lamar and Clint did not know each other, had never even met, but within a few years each had a pro football team in Dallas—

continued

BIG DADDY

continued

the Cowboys of the NFL for Clint and the Texans of the new American Football League for Lamar. For three seasons Dallas saw a sort of civil war, and a lot of businessmen didn't know which way to jump. The Murchisons were a more social family and had a more diverse empire. But it was very dangerous to underestimate the Hunts. One result was that a great many Dallas business firms declared themselves neutral and deprived themselves of football altogether, refusing to buy blocks of tickets to the games of either team.

The feelings ran so deep that even Lamar was sometimes uneasy about personal relationships. In 1960 he gave a party in honor of his first wife's dentist at the ordinary middle-class house in which Lamar then lived—a brick home with a broken dishwasher, an old car in the driveway and a basketball hoop above the garage door. One of the guests was Don McIlhenry, a former SMU teammate who later played for Green Bay and had just joined Murchison's Cowboys as a halfback. As McIlhenry was leaving the party, Lamar followed him out to the porch.

"Don, I hope you're not mad at me," Lamar said.

"For what?" asked McIlhenry.

"For starting this new league."

"I'm not mad at you. I think it's great," McIlhenry said.

"Swell!" said Lamar. "Come over again one evening and we'll shoot some baskets."

In the three seasons that Lamar's Texans competed with the NFL Cowboys for the Dallas audience, attendance at the Cotton Bowl was announced as "estimated" rather than by turnstile count. The announced attendance had very little to do with the number of people in the stands. Lamar gave away tickets with groceries and inside bags of potato chips. He sponsored a Friend of the Barber Day, which allowed any barber in a white jacket to enter the Cotton Bowl free, and it wound up with anybody in a white shirt being admitted. Once Lamar hired a number of girls and put them into a fleet of foreign cars to cruise the city selling tickets. One of these girls was a pret-

ty schoolteacher, Norma Knobel, who later became Lamar's second wife. Lamar says now that in 1962, his team's last year in Dallas before moving to Kansas City, the genuine attendance average was 10,000 per game. "The Cowboys drew only 9,800," he says, "but we had a championship team and they were losing, so beating them was nothing to be proud of."

The two most discouraging times for Lamar in the early days of the AFL were when the Denver franchise almost folded in 1960 and when Lamar realized that Harry Wismer's New York Titans were a fiasco. Without a successful team in New York, the AFL faced extinction. The rumor was that Lamar's fortune kept the Denver and New York franchises alive. "The NFL people used to claim that I owned every team in the league," Lamar says. "It wasn't true. The only money I ever put into a team other than my own was when the AFL took over Wismer's franchise in 1962 and I contributed my share."

Lamar is a somewhat unprepossessing man, quite modest, even naive. Like his father, he does not drink liquor or coffee and has never smoked (H. L. Hunt quit smoking cigars when he figured out that he had used up \$300,000 worth of his time tearing off the wrappers). Though he has now moved into an elegant section of Dallas and lives in a large home that resembles his father's version of Mount Vernon, Lamar still dresses like a preacher and cannot bring himself to use the power of the Hunt name in a public place. Some years ago Lamar was trying to recruit a Mississippi guard named Bookie Bolin. He took Bolin in one of the Hunt airplanes to Las Vegas and later to San Diego, a trip that resulted in the University of Mississippi threatening to bar AFL scouts from its campus and Bolin signing with the New York Giants. While in Las Vegas, Lamar's party, which included his football team's general manager, Jack Steadman, and Lamar's old friend, Buzz Kemble, was standing in a long line in a hotel lobby, waiting to see the Mimi Gaynor show. As in all nightclubs, of course, the fix was operating with the

guardian of the entrance, and dozens of people were moving in ahead of Lamar's party. Finally someone said, "Lamar, why don't you say something to that guy at the door?"

"What could I say?" asked Lamar.

"Tell him you're Bunker Hunt," was the reply.

"Hunt?" said the man at the door. "If you're a friend of Bunker Hunt's, come right in."

Thoroughly surprised and delighted, Lamar was escorted to a ringside table. "That Bunker sure knows his way around," Lamar said.

Though he has been seen at league meetings with holes in his shoes and has frequently borrowed small sums from acquaintances, Lamar can be generous. A 16-handicap golfer, he won a member-guest tournament at a Fort Worth country club and gave the substantial amount of prize money to his partner. His wife has tried to modify his manner of dress. "I stay after him, but he never changes," she says. However, he did approve of flaming red as the color for the official blazers of his football team. In a Dallas nightclub one evening two men who identified themselves as a famous acrobatic team called The Flying Punzars borrowed the red blazers off the backs of Lamar and Jack Steadman. The Flying Punzars went into the spotlight, requested a fanfare and a drum roll and then did an involved trick that landed one of them in the drums and the other dazed and flattened on the floor. "These red jackets are just the thing we need to attract attention," Lamar said.

Before the decision to merge the two football leagues, Lamar kept busy in the competition to sign players. His results were mixed. When the Texans acquired draft rights to Quarterback Roman Gabriel, Lamar called him up at college and talked to him for more than half an hour, offering insurance plans, investment opportunities, whatever he believed might induce Gabriel to join the AFL. It was not until two years later that Lamar found out he had not been talking to Gabriel but to Los Angeles Rams General Manager Elroy Hirsch,

who hung up the phone and signed Gabriel to a contract. "Those days were interesting, enjoyable, unforgettable, but it's just as well they're over," Lamar says. Though he and Clint Murchison Jr. have offices in the same building and occasionally encounter each other in the elevator, they rarely meet socially. An exception was in 1960 when, on Clint's birthday, a large package was carried into a party and Murchison was asked to unwrap his present. Out of the box leaped Lamar. "They really howled," he says.

Lamar decided to move his football team to Kansas City in 1963 for what he admits were in the beginning purely financial reasons. "Clint was determined to stay in Dallas and originally so were we. But we both couldn't survive there, and an economic decision had to be made. Now a lot of people in Dallas are saying the wrong team left town, but it's worked out great for both teams." For the 1971 season, when they hope to be playing in a new 75,000-seat stadium, the Kansas City Chiefs have sold 70,000 season tickets. "We could have sold every seat," Lamar says. "It's phenomenal. Not long ago a lady saw the big Super Bowl world championship ring I was wearing and said, 'Oh, I didn't realize football was lucrative.' Well, it certainly can be."

Lamar considers that he spends his working time 80% in the "entertainment business" and the rest in oil and real-estate ventures. At one point he was principal backer of a professional bowling league which flopped. He is part owner of the Chicago Bulls basketball team. With his nephew, Al Hill Jr., he owns a professional enterprise called World Championship Tennis, which now has such stars as Rod Laver, Pancho Gonzales, Don Newcombe and Tony Roche under contract. With Tommy Mercer of Fort Worth, Lamar owns a baseball team called the Dallas-Fort Worth Spurs which has led the minor leagues an attendance over the last five years, and the Hunt-Mercer combine is trying to obtain a major-league franchise. With Bill McNutt, the fruitcake king from Corsicana, Lamar owns the Dallas Tex-



Bunker Hunt researches his subject at Saratoga while relaxing with his wife Caroline.

nado, a team in the North American Soccer League. Despite mountains of evidence to the contrary, Lamar believes soccer will flourish in the United States within 10 years, and he brings good teams from Europe to Dallas so the fans can see them play. His wife agrees. "Soccer has flow, beauty, grace, skill, is easy to understand and requires endurance. It's a great game for women to watch," she says. All these athletic interests have given Lamar probably the most varied assortment of investments in professional sport of any man who ever felt the urge to own himself a team. "I guess I'm the biggest sports investor in terms of projects but not in terms of dollars," he says. "I always go in on the ground floor. The Chiefs, for example, cost me \$25,000 for the franchise. Then I had to pay the losses for a few years. But what are the Chiefs worth now? Leonard Tose paid \$16 million for the Philadelphia Eagles, and that's far more money than I've put into all my sports endeavors combined, but the Chiefs would have to be worth at least as much as the Eagles. My only sport investment that has practically no worth at the moment is the soccer team, but it will come around in a few years."

His brother Bunker, who has a small financial piece of the soccer league, is

afraid Lamar is talking like a fan. "It would be easier to take American football to Europe than bring soccer here," says Bunker. "Soccer doesn't fit the American personality. The game doesn't have enough climaxes. In baseball you have three strikes, three outs, and so forth, and in football you have first downs. In soccer you're just out there kicking the ball around."

Bunker has left the team sports to Lamar, but has developed quite a sporting passion of his own—horseracing. In 1952 a former roommate at The Hill School in Pottstown, Pa. invited him to the thoroughbred sales at Keeneland, Ky. Bunker amazed himself by buying three horses. Currently Bunker has a number of mares in Kentucky, about 10 more mares in Virginia, a dozen horses training in California and 22 horses training at Chantilly in France, where he does most of his racing. "One Saturday in Paris I had nothing to do and went out to the races," he says. "I found out it costs one-third as much to train a horse in France as it does in the United States, and the purses in France are comparable to ours. So I thought I'd try it."

Bunker owned half-interest in Vaguely Noble, the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe winner of two years ago who was later

continued



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BIG DADDY

continued

syndicated for the then record price of \$5 million, and owned French Oaks winner Gazala and French 1,000 Guineas winner Pampered Miss. He has recently purchased a farm in New Zealand, where his racing operation will be headquartered. "I've grown to love racing," he says. "It's the cleanest sport there is."

Bunker is usually on the move, filling a seat in the Hunt Lockheed Jet Star for much of the 200,000 miles the plane is flown in a year by Jake Cobb, who has worked for the Hunts since 1949. "Bunker likes jokes, characters and good times, in that order," says Cobb. During the uranium craze in the mid-'50s, Cobb would fly Bunker to Las Vegas for a spot of relief from filing mining claims, and when they reached the tables they would switch names. Cobb recalls that it was rather a pleasant experience for him to be flattered and hustled, but now Bunker is too well known on sight to be able to conceal his identity at his favorite recreation parlors. For one thing, he is one inch less than six feet and weighs 230 pounds, which makes him about as easy to hide as an Ohio State guard. In 1960 a car called the Ken-Paul Special, driven by Jim Rathmann and owned by Bunker's friends Ken Rich and Paul Lacy, won the Indianapolis 500. At the party afterward a few cases of champagne roused the spirits of the celebrants, who began throwing members of the victorious group into the motel pool. When Bunker's turn came to be dunked they couldn't lift him. "I'll help you," he said, and jumped into the water. "Bunker is always on half a diet," says Cobb. "That means he skips the ice cream with his pie."

Beyond Bunker, the Hunts' sporting interests diminish. Herbert Hunt, the third of the active brothers, is a skier and owns a small piece of Lamar's soccer league, but he primarily runs the Penrod Drilling Company and other enterprises out of the family offices on eight floors of the First National Bank Building in Dallas. One of the two Hunt girls, Margaret, is married to Dallas oilman Al Hill, who has an indoor tennis court in his home where private tournaments

continued

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BIG DADDY

(continued)

are held involving international stars. The other, Caroline, is the wife of oilman and rancher Loyd Sands. H. L. Hunt's second wife, the former Mrs. Ruth Ray Wright, whom he married in 1957, has four children, all of them occupied in the family businesses.

But other than the old man, the best-known of the Hunts is, to be sure, Lamar. Although he changed cities with his football team he refused to change coaches or concepts. For years the Chiefs had been accused of failing in the important games—a complaint Dallas fans are now directing at the Cowboys—and Lamar was often urged to fire Coach Hank Stram, who was an assistant coach at the University of Miami when Lamar hired him 10 years ago.

"I'm like everybody else. I like to see my team win and I have second thoughts when we lose," Lamar says. "But I've always felt that Stram is a leader and has the ability to produce a winner. He's improved as a coach. He should have, after all these years. Now he's the granddaddy coach of the league and is regarded as outstanding. That makes me very happy. I enjoy the challenge of helping something succeed. The fact that we've sold as many season tickets for 1971 as we sold total tickets for all our home games in 1962 doesn't exactly displease me, either."

"Lamar is something like me," says H. L. Hunt. "He's stubborn and knows how to fight." The old man, who is liable to fly off alone tourist class with a suitcase bound up by leather straps to visit a sheik and try to beat a 20-man delegation from another country out of an oil concession, is an authority on determination. Once he crashed a party given by a foreign potentate at the Plaza Hotel in Manhattan for Russian Premier Khrushchev ("the old rascal grinned and shook my hand on his way out"), and there are many tales of financial enemies overcome, of deals made and games won. Although he insists he had no part in Lamar's effort to put the AFL across, H. L. Hunt clearly enjoys watching it. "Lamar's turning out to be a pretty good trader," the old man says.

END



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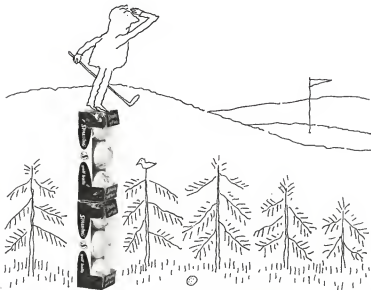
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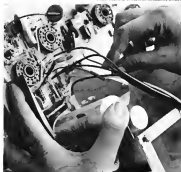
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RICK BARRY VS. VIRGINIA

Sirs:

Peter Barry's article on Rick Barry (*Yes, Rick, There Is a Virginia*, Aug. 24) is very good. I used to like Barry, but when he jumped to the ABA I didn't think much of him. Living where I do, I don't see much major-league ball, and when the former Caps moved to Virginia I was really glad to hear it, especially because they had Barry, Charlie Scott and Doug Moe. But what Barry had to say about Virginia was a slur on the whole South. Maybe Barry doesn't like the Southern way of talking but he has no reason to cut us down. If he does come down here we'll boo him right to Alaska and see how he likes it up there!

JACK EDGE

Moyock, N.C.

Sirs:

My heart bleeds when I consider the burdensome problems of Rick Barry. His crying about a contractual obligation of his own making should forearm Franklin Mensch as to the kind of loyalty he is trying to repurchase. Instead of worrying about his son's emasculation Barry would best consider whether his son can respect a father who evades the responsibilities he has accepted "out in front of God and everyone."

TONY O'BRIEN

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a Virginian I am thrilled to have the *Squires* in my state. As for Mr. Barry, we wouldn't want to make him unhappy! Let him sit in that spectacular house in Oakland for two seasons, then let the Warriors have him. For their sake I hope he'll grow up in that time, but I wouldn't bet on it.

SANDRA MUNARI

Richmond

Sirs:

It seems Rick Barry left his manners as well as his heart in San Francisco.

JO ANN GUINAN

Drexel Hill, Pa.

Sirs:

I have a great suggestion for Rick the Mowbray. Why doesn't he buy a basketball team of his own? On second thought, why doesn't he buy California?

DONALD ROSE

Fredericksburg, Va.

MATTERS UP:

Sirs:

I would like to congratulate William Leggett for bringing out of the darkness a two-

time batting champ, Tony Oliva (*A Fall Series for a Fleet Pair*, Aug. 24). He is also a fine man off the field; his kind are hard to find. Chalk one up for the underrated ballplayers. By the way, the picture of Tony O. was marvelous.

TONY STRANIERO JR.

Gates Mills, Ohio

Sirs:

A great article on Carl Yastrzemski and Tony Oliva, two very fine American League batting champs. Yaz is having another year of the kind that gave him the Triple Crown in 1967. I'd like to see a National League do that!

JOSEPH DE CARLO

East Meadow, N.Y.

POINTS OF VIEW

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins' account of the PGA (*The One That Got Away Again*, Aug. 24) was a masterpiece of poor taste. His portrayal of Dave Stockton, a fine young pro, as a week-end hacker who won through pure luck was uncalled for. I also find it hard to share Dan's tears for "poor" Arnie Palmer—a millionaire who has everything but the PGA championship. Jenkins should apologize.

WILLIAM H. WILSON

San Bernardino, Calif.

Sirs:

Frank Beard was right (*Letter From The Publisher*, May 18). The media usually tell about the big-name player who lost instead of telling about the person who won.

STEVEN STEIN

Livingston, N.J.

Sirs:

If Dan Jenkins would devote more of his time to describing the play, the players and the course rather than his ideas on the prestige of the club his articles would be more interesting. I am sure the good folks at Columbine, Pecan Valley and other PGA Championship host clubs put in too much time, money and hard work to merit the criticisms Jenkins so lavishly lays upon them.

Does it occur to Jenkins that the Brinnth Open, when held at St. Andrews, is played on a public course down by the railroad tracks? Perhaps Columbine, et al. failed to serve Mr. Jenkins a champagne breakfast in air-conditioned comfort. And speaking of prestige, what does he think of the clubs that have so much prestige they would not even tolerate the PGA being held on their hallowed grounds?

W. P. BRATHEN

San Antonio

Sirs:

To me the 1970 PGA was again a big ho-hum.

GARY ELLER

Idaho Falls, Idaho

NO POINTS

Sirs:

After reading your account of the 1970 Curtis Cup matches (*British Boarders Donned by U.S. Spofires*, Aug. 17) we, as members of the U.S. team, feel it necessary to express our feelings. Some of the most important and rewarding experiences of this event were totally overlooked.

First, the goal of the Curtis Cup is "to stimulate friendly rivalry among women golfers of many lands." We believe this goal was definitely achieved. Second, the final score does not tell an accurate story. Several of the matches were decided on the 18th hole. Had these matches gone to our challengers the end result could have been very different.

We feel the matches can best be summed up not as long hitters vs. short hitters or big girls vs. small girls, or even individuals vs. individuals, but rather as a friendly rivalry among women golfers of three lands.

MARTHA WALKERSON

JANE BASTANCHURY

CYNTHIA HILL

South Haven, Mich.

Sirs:

Mark Mulvey forsook accuracy and good manners in his description of the British-Irish team. Not only were the girls gracious and attractive, several of them would do justice to a bikini—something I defy a "draft choice for the Boston Patriots" to attempt. They also played superb golf. Mr. Mulvey won no points at all.

EMILY A. MOODY

Durien, Conn.

OF SCORES AND SCORERS

Sirs:

I cannot help but comment on James Van Allen's gushing endorsements of the adoption of his ridiculous VASSS tennis scoring methods to break tie games (19TH HOLE, Aug. 17). I am afraid that the proponents of this system forget that there are many things in life that only a boor wants to rush through. They forget that there are times—on situations where two well-matched players bump heads (or rackets!)—when the only fair measure of the players' equality or inequality is the 19-17 or 22-20 set. In playing such a set not only is the man's skill tested but also his endurance and his ability to pace himself. In the Tilden days there were many

matches of the five-set variety that were won on shrewd analysis of the opponent's statistics, which is part of any active sport.

Since the VASSS people want to get things over in such a hurry, I would like to suggest an even quicker resolution of the games: Why not simply flip a coin and get it over with in one-tenth of a second? They might stretch it to half a second by making it three out of five.

G. M. KOSHEROFF

Auburn, Ala.

Sirs:

I have had the opportunity to be a linesman in local tennis tournaments for more than 20 years and I was delighted to have the chance to serve as linesman at the recent Western Open tennis tournament at Cincinnati mentioned in SCOR CARD (Aug. 17). You described the behavior of the players in this and other Pepsi Grand Prix circuit tourneys as "bad manners." My sympathy is still with most of the players. The linesmen and ball boys make too many unnecessary movements that cause the players' attention to be diverted. Further, the linesmen and the ball boys disrupt the tempo of the game by not getting into position quickly.

Linesmen do and will make bad calls. But instead of shouting "Correction!" and making the proper call, they sit and ignore the situation they create.

Finally, many linesmen are not vocal. They may signal that the ball is out or good, but they fail to shout their out calls for the benefit of the players and umpire. An extreme example of this occurred at the finals of the U.S. professional tennis championships recently.

One solution would be to require that linesmen meet set standards of knowledge and recent experience. After all, the players do not play just once or twice a year, yet too often their success is dependent upon a linesman who may call the lines at only one tournament. The linesman should prepare himself in local tournaments prior to officiating at the more important events.

PERRY C. GRUBB

Middletown, Ohio

INTERESTING THEORY

Sirs:

Gilbert Cant's article, *The Curious Case of the Copper Band* (Aug. 3), was most intriguing (I am wearing one now myself, so far without any appreciable effect). Toward the end of his article Mr. Cant mentions the role of aspirin in the treatment of arthritis, and goes on to say that its action is not understood and that any doctor who says he knows how it works "is as bad as a quack." Mr. Cant might be interested in an article that appeared in the May 1966 issue of *Scientific American* entitled "Che-

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1994 WORLD'S BEST PLACES TO LIVE

19TH HOLE *continued*

lation in medicine," it is a study of the action in the body of various "chelating" agents (molecules that are able to bond metal ions in a clawlike grip—the word is from the Greek for claw—and deliver them to body tissues).

In the course of his article the author, Jack Schubert, discusses his work at the Argonne National Laboratory, during which he investigated the chelating properties of a number of compounds, including aspirin. Mr. Schubert's experimentation with aspirin led to the conclusion that its pain-relieving effects were largely due to its ability to capture copper released into the blood under stress, and to deliver it to the copper-starved cells in other tissues of the body.

A. G. WILLIAMS

Toronto

● An ingenious and plausible hypothesis, but it still doesn't enable your family doctor to tell you exactly how aspirin works for you —ED.

TURNED ON

Sirs,

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on Artist Thomas Hart Benton and the Buffalo River (*The Old Man and the River*, Aug. 10). Now I must make the canoe trip down the Buffalo. Thanks to Robert F. Jones for turning me on to such a beautiful thing.

JOHN B. ELSTROTT JR.

New Orleans

Sirs:

I was thrilled to find your article. My son and I floated the Buffalo River (Gilbert to Buffalo State Park) in company with Harold Hedges. However, none of the persons in our party used or consumed any liquor or beer and none used profane language as used in this article. I think putting the names of Harold and Margaret Hedges in this context does these fine Christian people an injustice.

Please continue your excellent coverage and especially stories about canoe trips but elevate your language standards.

KENNETH E. PEERY

Concordia, Kans.

Sirs:

I liked your article. Artist Benton is extremely colorful! By the way, when are your "gaw-damn" college football predictions coming out?

JIM BURNETT

Birmingham, Ala.

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